



DEC 11 1913

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,031 Vol. 116.

29 November 1913.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

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We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Bonar Law has promptly replied to the Prime Minister. He insists on an election; that is the one way for the country to defend itself against those who break their pledges. The experience of the last few years must have forced many people to the view that honour and truth, as a Radical to-day understands them, are in party politics quite different from honour and truth in our ordinary conduct of life. The "lying preamble" of itself shows this. If ever a man made a pledge and broke it the Prime Minister did so in that matter. But as the Prime Minister and his colleagues hold that the "lying preamble" with the pledge about it was not in the least disgraceful, it ensues that public truth and honour are not akin with private truth and honour—another standard, another code!

The lying preamble is no doubt the best illustration of this. It will long remain as the classic instance. But there are other illustrations, and one lights upon a good many lesser ones in the Government's handling of the Home Rule question for some time past. We look for them and find them especially in the Prime Minister's superb "tactics". For example, in his speech at Leeds he declared that the election of 1906 was fought and won on the Free Trade question. Mr. Asquith knows, as well as every whip and electioneer in his party, that it was largely fought and won on the brazen, extraordinarily effective, and utterly false and trumped-up cry of "Chinese Slavery": the cry that was cartooned just before the poll in constituencies all over England.

All Mr. Asquith's talk of elections at Leeds led one way. He refuses at present to see "any ground what-

ever for the demand of a general election". He will "not advise any such course". He is not "frightened, arrested, nor deflected by menaces of civil war". He will "see this thing through". He is "not dissatisfied with the Government of Ireland Bill as it stands". This would seem to shut off all possibility of a settlement by consent.

But there was another group of phrases showing that Mr. Asquith might behave differently, if he dared. "I have no reason to complain of the spirit in which my invitation"—he is speaking of the invitation at Ladybank—"was received by the responsible leaders of the Opposition." This is rather better than those other phrases! "It shall not be said with truth that my hand has closed any door which opens upon a reasonable and honourable way of peace." Mr. Asquith will have a "free and unprejudiced interchange from all sides of views and suggestions". This is more peaceable than Mr. Asquith's declaration of complete satisfaction with the Bill—more peaceable, but very vague. It would be quite encouraging to those who want a settlement by consent—if only it could be made to mean something definite.

The main thing to be gathered from Mr. Oliver's pamphlet on Home Rule is that a conference would be a good thing, a General Election a better thing. The idea of settlement by consent is not new, but the mere prospect of an election causes every Liberal to shudder. For the benefit of timid politicians Mr. Illingworth has explained that there will be no General Election till 1915, and the Chief Whip, although he admitted on a memorable occasion in the Marconi controversy that he knew little about the party funds, presumably knows something about the party. But despite Mr. Illingworth, and despite even his leader, there is on the whole a growing belief that the Government will be forced to an election.

Mr. Birrell told his constituents on Wednesday night that "Liberals would stick to their principles". This from the politician who locked up Mr. Larkin and let him out, and justified both proceedings without men-

tioning that two by-elections had intervened, is probably intended to be humorous. The Chief Secretary now wavers between carrying Home Rule by force and a settlement by consent. Moreover, at the National Liberal Council one of the speakers remembered that three years ago Mr. Birrell said that Home Rule was one of the matters that ought to be left, and should be left, to the judgment of the people. So it seems there is yet a third view.

Caving in—that is the real blight and curse of our politics to-day. Most of the chief troubles and alarms which face the politicians—and, unhappily, the country too—at the moment are thanks to caving in. Take Ireland: by Ministers at length caving in completely, unconditionally, to the Nationalist Party, we are fronted by the extremely grave crisis in Ulster and the chance of civil war there next year.

The Suffragette question, if one looks into it at all closely, is found to be another example. The wild women have smashed the glass, struck Ministers, and set houses afire because the Cabinet practically caved in to them by splitting itself into two parts, one part being almost encouraged by the other to declare in favour of women having the vote. And what is the Cat and Mouse Bill in reality but a caving-in measure? The cat, when we look into the matter, will be found to have caved in to the mouse. It is, moreover, not truly a despotic Mr. McKenna who has coerced or controlled Mrs. Pankhurst and the hunger strikers; it is Mrs. Pankhurst and the hunger strikers who are coercing and controlling a dead-beat Mr. McKenna who has caved in to them.

But the most complete, uncompromising caving-in of all just now, of course, is the caving-in to violent, brutal demagogery. Our politicians are so mortally afraid of the sound of some mob orator's voice that they are hastening, through their caved-in Press and in their caved-in platform speeches, to subscribe humbly to the crude and mad demands of what is euphemistically called Labour, but which often more nearly resembles Loot.

What is more amazing even than the weakness of the thing is the supreme ignorance, the shallow ignorance, of it all. The doctrine of these demagogues, and of their mighty intellectual "comrades" full of cheap wit and inane paradox, is mainly the exploded theory of lesser and forgotten teachers of more than two thousand years ago. Phaleas, the Chalcedonian, was probably not the originator of the idiotic proposal to call in and divide up into equal parts "the stuff"; but at least he was an original thinker compared with the preachers of Socialism to-day. Phaleas was at any rate worth Aristotle's passing notice—that is far more than can be said of any of the loud bawlers and shallow thinkers of the movement now.

Mr. Larkin's progress in England is precisely as we foretold. Having failed to move the English Labour leaders, he is again trying to move the rank and file. The English Labour leaders refused to support him at Dublin. Their decision to consider the position again in three weeks' time was in effect the consecrated formula: that this Bill be again considered six months hence. Mr. Larkin therefore turns from the leaders to their men. His speech this week at Sheffield was almost entirely an attack upon Labour politicians. Mr. Larkin clearly is no politician himself. He has in England blundered into a set that neither desires nor understands him.

But Mr. Larkin at Sheffield was again at home. "These penny plain and twopenny coloured fools who mask as leaders"—this is the familiar stuff of his oratory. It is down with politics once more, and down with contracts. The total effect upon Mr. Larkin of his

conferences with the Labour leaders in England is to add, if that be possible, to the bitterness of his feeling against politicians generally—whether it be Mr. Redmond, Sir Edward Carson, or "Jimmy Thomas". "Jimmy Thomas" is a "double-dyed traitor to his cause". Mr. Larkin now appeals to all English trade unionists to disown their officials. "I never trust leaders", he said at Sheffield, "and I don't want you to trust leaders. Trust yourselves."

But in Dublin Mr. Larkin has real power for good and evil. There he has succeeded in a great political achievement. He has in Dublin put Home Rule into the second place. Caring nothing for politics he has beaten the Irish Nationalist politicians in Dublin, because the Dublin political Home Rulers are also shareholders and employers of labour. He has certainly damaged Mr. Redmond in Dublin, and he will continue to do so as long as the strike is in Dublin more important an issue than Home Rule for Ireland. Mr. Larkin's English political friends tell him to forbear from downing Home Rule—it is not politics. So Mr. Larkin in England retracts his bad words. But in Dublin he will again break out. Every speech of Mr. Larkin in Dublin is in result a blow at Mr. Redmond and especially at the Dublin Corporation.

Mr. Larkin had best leave England, where he only loses ground, for Dublin, where he is powerful and free. Mr. Thomas Ashton, of the Miners' Federation, advises him well: "If Mr. Larkin would only consider the position from a common-sense point of view he would cease his 'fiery cross' mission, which appears to be the trying to create strife and enmity between the trade unionists of Great Britain and their leaders, and will go back to Dublin and use his energy and influence in trying to get a fair and honourable settlement of the dispute". Mr. Ashton's advice is not disinterested. It is clearly to the interest of Mr. Ashton and his friends to get Mr. Larkin out of England as soon as possible. But the advice is good.

The Oxford Union Debating Society has had a week to think over its vote on November 21 in favour of the Land Policy of the Government. It is the custom of the Union to carry the motions of Right Honourable visitors. The Union acts largely in a vein of high spirit and irresponsible fun; and it is absurd to take the thing too gravely. At the same time we doubt whether the incident has helped the high and splendid cause of Oxford as a whole. Mr. Lloyd George is out of all sympathy with Oxford, and he proposes to rob it of its voice in Parliament. What do we really get, in the end, by honouring a bitter enemy?

The President of the Union was right to rule out of order the man who asked whether Mr. Lloyd George had any Marconi shares to dispose of. That was not a fit question to put to the guest of the evening. But elsewhere it is entirely fit that the Chancellor of the Exchequer should be constantly reminded of the Marconi affair. We shall again insist that it is indelicate and indiscreet for a member of the Government, on the strength of a tip coming through a Government contractor, to invest or speculate in company shares.

No amount of platform oratory, no feasts and fêtes at Radical clubs, no sermons in churches or in chapels, will alter this absolutely sure fact, admitted, openly or tacitly, by every decent politician. This, no doubt we shall be told by the friends of the Government, is an old tale. They are sick of the word Marconi. The whole thing bores them. We daresay it does. But when public men commit indiscreet and indelicate acts of the kind—and then proceed to brazen them out and poo-poo them as trifles—it is necessary to bore their friends by repetition. We trust that Mr. Maxse will continue to "bore" us all about the Marconi affair;

for he does it, as his "Towards the Truth" in December's "National Review" shows, with a pluck and skill that everybody must respect.

In this article Mr. Maxse puts six straight questions to the Government about the investment of their Party funds—questions which, as he says, clamour for a reply. It is incredible that Ministers can sit silent in this very strange unpleasant matter. It is their duty to clear the air at once. What will foreign nations think of us if they read such questions and notice that Ministers do not reply? This, it must not be forgotten for a moment, is a question of our national reputation.

Mr. Walter Long's speech at Melksham was welcome indeed after the fustian of venal demagogues and land bursters. Perhaps a man ought to be able to ride hard, or be able to tackle the land, before he holds forth on it—at any rate, he ought to be a true son of the soil. Many of us are growing rather sick of land cures and land programmes—there is so much pure quackery about them. Now Mr. Walter Long gets at the hard practice of the land; there is a rare virtue in that.

We are glad to notice in this connection that Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's letter on the land in the SATURDAY REVIEW last week has been quoted and commented on in papers all over the country. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu is another of the somewhat small and shrinking body of politicians who know absolutely about the realities of the thing, and we should like to commend his letter as one of the best contributions to the subject we have read for a long time. He confined his remarks largely to Hampshire; but they really apply to land in many parts of England. Especially his notes about the lack of employers should be kept in mind. It is this which is largely responsible for low wages.

Lord Haldane's defence of the Territorials on Monday rested entirely upon his assumption that national service will damage the Army. He gave his audience no reason for this belief. He merely said that, if all citizens were required to serve for a short period, it would be more difficult to enlist professional soldiers. Why should this be so? Being the keystone of Lord Haldane's casuistical fabric, surely it should be a hard, admitted fact. Far from being a hard, admitted fact, it is an open question. Why will national service turn men from the Army? Let Lord Haldane explain this. Assuming without proof that national service would damage the Army, he went on to argue that, as it is important to have a first-rate professional Army, therefore national service would be a mistake. We must either have a professional Army, said Lord Haldane, or a citizen Army. We cannot have both. Lord Haldane is now well on the way towards his conclusion. Since we *must* have a professional Army, and since we *cannot* have both, therefore national service is out of the question.

Mr. Asquith, answering the Territorials on Wednesday, did not at any rate rush round his subject in a logical circle of his own construction. He talked only of the encouraging figures, leaving all these foolish, *Barbara, Celarent* devices to Lord Haldane. The figures, indeed, are rosy. There are 9,000 more Territorial recruits this year than last year; and there are 100 more officers! Moreover, the Territorials are better than the Volunteers. This is all that Mr. Asquith, with his rare genius for finding comfort where no comfort is, could say in defence of the Territorials. He did not add that the Territorial recruits are 66,000 men short of the minimum fixed by Lord Haldane himself, and 1,400 short in officers. Also, though he compared the Territorials with the old Volunteers, he did not compare them with the citizen armies of France and Germany. He discreetly left that for Lord Curzon and Lord Roberts on Wednesday and Thursday.

Sir John Brunner succeeded in committing the National Liberal Federation to his little Navy resolution on Thursday. The resolution was on the same evening effectually answered by Mr. Asquith, whose pious regrets that armament charges were mounting barely covered his assertion that Mr. Churchill will have his way. The speeches at the Federation meeting were mean and stupid in the extreme. Sir John Brunner comfortably sneering at our sailors to excuse the avarice of his party is assuredly contemptible. To speak of our sailors as though they were parasitic feeders upon Sir John Brunner and Mr. Jonathan Samuel insults whatever patriotism is left among the Radicals to-day.

Lord Hardinge's denunciation of the treatment of Indians in South Africa has surprised England only because Englishmen do not follow Indian affairs. The intense indignation in India has grown slowly but steadily during the last ten years, as it has among Indians in South Africa, though it has hardly attracted any notice at home beyond an occasional comment that the question was a difficult one in which Britain had no power to interfere. But in the end Britain may have to interfere, Acts of Union and constitutional limitations notwithstanding.

When Indians were first introduced into Natal sixty years ago under indentures there was no provision made for their repatriation when the indentures expired. Natal suited them, and being an industrious, peaceable folk they settled there and prospered, setting up in business for themselves. They did well as traders, and in time began to compete with the small white traders, who naturally objected. But they have not only continued to trade, they have even entered the professions. Their worst vice is that they are successful. Unprejudiced men admit that they are an inoffensive class, honest and sober men—in a word, good citizens without votes.

But the South African white people do not want them. In the Union, where a million white men have to rule four million black men of various races, the Indians only introduce another racial factor. This, however, should have been discovered before. It is true that no more Indians have been introduced for many years, but those who are already there are not leaving; on the contrary, they are increasing. Unfortunately the South Africans have not dealt honestly with them; the Union policy, like the policy of the Transvaal before the Union, has been alternately to promise a settlement and to put it off, to set on foot a trivial persecution and then to ignore the people it has provoked. There is no more certain way of driving men mad and provoking a rebellion. The Union Government has been much to blame in this, and its conduct has not been unnoticed in India. Reading an Indian paper at random one finds it written: "There seems to be a taint in the public morality of the leading Ministers of the Crown in South Africa". This from a Gujarati paper; there are others in any number.

General Botha, of course, has his difficulties, and he has to be on his guard lest any action he takes in dealing with the question is seized by the Hertzog faction, and denounced. This surely is the time for the Imperial Government to offer its assistance as mediator. The problem is essentially not Indian or Colonial, but Imperial. Let us recall that Mr. Chamberlain secured peace and agreement over the question of Asiatic immigrants in Natal and Australia in 1897. With equal tact and wisdom and forbearance the present discontents could be settled. Mr. Harcourt is not Mr. Chamberlain, but his reputation as Colonial Secretary would be made if he could bring the Indian-South African question to a successful issue.

Mr. Herbert Samuel has learnt something from his tour in Canada. He tells us this week that the Cobdenite theory of the Empire is a nuisance and is dead among Liberals! Mr. Samuel looks forward to a time when the British Empire will have an Imperial constitution, and he hinted that this development might proceed on the lines of the Imperial Conference and the Committee of Imperial Defence, in both of which bodies the interests of Great Britain and the Dominions are alike represented. This, at the National Liberal Club, is an advance. Mr. Samuel, who is understood to have more definite ideas of the reconstruction of the House of Lords than his colleagues, has plainly been thinking about the Empire since Parliament rose. Now let Mr. Samuel convert his colleagues.

Major Pringle's report on the Aisgill railway disaster lays the chief blame on Driver Caudle and the fireman. But the report also finds that there were extenuating circumstances, admitting that the men were working under difficulties, some of which, like the bad coal supply, were unnecessary, and for which they were not responsible. Another point brought out, which has frequently been pressed in this Review, is the desirability of using electricity upon trains. Gas was undoubtedly the cause of the fire which broke out after the accident.

Attempts are to be made to introduce improved methods of signalling. Major Pringle advises an automatic train stop for use in the case of a train running away. From New York there is news of the successful trial of wireless telegraphy on the railway. It has been proved that the rails can be used for ground-wires and the train's ordinary lighting dynamos for the current. It is declared that the speed of the train, whether fast or slow, does not interfere with the receipt or dispatch of wireless signals, and that the experiments will shortly justify an installation of wireless on all long-distance passenger trains.

It seems strange that at the present time there is no provision for linking up the chief highways in the various new suburbs which are springing up round London, or for the improvement of existing main roads. At the Road Conference, presided over by Mr. Burns, discussion took place as to the necessity of a new body to deal with the varying interests and proposals of the local authorities. Mr. Burns is in favour of vesting the powers in the Local Government Board. What is really needed is co-operation among the local authorities, with help, guidance, and perhaps money for individual schemes from some central authority.

"The long green roller of the down", across which George Meredith so often gazed from the study windows of his house at Box Hill, is saved for the nation. Lord Francis Clinton Hope, the tenant for life of the Box Hill estate of some 235 acres, finding the burden of ownership in these days of grievous legislation too heavy to be borne, felt obliged to develop the property for building purposes. Now, owing to the generosity of Mr. Leopold Salomons, Box Hill is to be preserved.

The decision of the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's Cathedral to accept no further monuments for the main interior of the fabric is right. We do not want our cathedrals and churches to look like museums. Westminster Abbey is a deplorable example of the result of overcrowding. The authorities at St. Paul's base their decision on the ground that there are already 78 monuments in the Cathedral and that the question of the weight of marble and bronze is to be considered. The peril of St. Paul's Cathedral, to which we have repeatedly alluded in this Review, is not lessened by the modern addition of eight enormous marble statues in niches on the interior surface of the dome, weighing 11 tons each, the last of which was fixed in 1894. The addition of 88 tons to a dome already feeling for support is not judicious.

LEADING ARTICLES.

MR. ASQUITH'S MYTHOLOGY.

M R. ASQUITH at Leeds talked first of armaments. Here he was talking to his own party, and he had a really difficult task. Sir John Brunner and the National Liberal Federation have this week carried a motion intended as a vote of censure upon Mr. Churchill's estimates. Mr. Asquith had to support Mr. Churchill without too openly offending Sir John Brunner. He therefore deplored generally the rising cost of armaments; but he ended with a virtual assurance that Mr. Churchill would have his way. To Sir John Brunner and the little navy men Mr. Asquith has given good words only. We do not think they will be wholly satisfied.

After showing that our expenditure on armaments had really fallen under the present administration, he approached the Irish question. He charged the Unionist leaders with fabricating an audacious myth whose chief constituents were, first that there was no mandate for the present Home Rule Bill, and secondly that the Government only took up Home Rule when they were dependent on the Irish vote.

The first charge was met by a reference to the General Election of 1906. What the election of 1906 has got to do with the third Home Rule Bill we do not know, and even Mr. Asquith did not attempt to tell us. Still, as he seemed to think it of importance in connection with the present crisis, let us see what he had to say about it. He said that it was fought on the Free Trade issue—in itself a sufficiently audacious myth—and that the majority then obtained had been legitimately used. Therefore Home Rule could not have been introduced into the 1906 Parliament. That is very pretty as far as it goes; but what Bills were introduced into the 1906 Parliament? Mr. Asquith wanted his dupes to believe that this Parliament existed only to maintain Free Trade. Our memories are not so short. The session of 1906 was chiefly occupied with an Education Bill; there was an Irish Councils Bill in 1907; in 1908 came the Licensing Bill; and months of 1909 were spent in arranging for the penal taxation of landowners. What has any one of these things to do with Free Trade? What was Free Trade dragged into Mr. Asquith's argument for? Apparently to show the inadmissibility of Home Rule before 1911. Then the Licensing Bill and the Budget were equally inadmissible. Mr. Asquith's argument reduces us to despair. It is impossible to reason with him.

In dealing with the question whether the Home Rule Bill has been approved by the electorate, the important date is not 1906 but 1910. Will it be believed that Mr. Asquith said nothing whatever about the last general election or the issue on which it was fought? He is quite capable of saying it was fought on Home Rule; indeed, he has said so. But his statement does not settle the matter. What Mr. Asquith has yet to understand is that Home Rule was not the issue of the last election, and that the Chief Secretary, who was credited with some vestige of authority when he spoke about his own department, said so at the time in the most explicit terms. In face of that declaration of Mr. Birrell, it is not the least use for Mr. Asquith to refer to something he said to an East Fife elector when the election was three parts over. Nor is it enough for Mr. Asquith to state the Unionist contention and then talk about something else. If the interchange of views suggested at Ladybank is to take place, it must take place under the ordinary rules of debate; and arguments adequately supported and seriously maintained must be treated with respect.

Next as to the argument that there is no relation between Home Rule Bills and the Nationalist vote. Here, again, the facts speak for themselves. Two Home Rule Bills have gone through the House of Commons; in both cases Nationalist hostility would have turned the Government out. There were negotiations with the Irish at the beginning of 1910; as a result the Nationalists passed the Budget and the Insurance Act—measures which they detested—and the Government introduced its Home Rule Bill. We

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put it to any good Radical prepared to maintain that Home Rule is an integral part of his political creed that it is ridiculous to brush aside these facts as though they did not exist.

But we have not yet done with Mr. Asquith's argument. Only a week ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer, adopting for the occasion a tone suited to an audience with an historical sense, said that the Ulster problem was too delicate to be talked about. Now the Prime Minister looks firm and proclaims that he is not to be frightened by menaces of civil war. Very well; then why these "explanations"? Either the Government regard the attitude of Ulster as serious or they do not. If they do not, then what becomes of the Ladybank speech? Then Mr. Asquith took the significant step of inviting an exchange of views. It was thereafter suggested by Unionists that the best way out would be an election.

And why this repugnance to a general election? Because it is not a referendum. Mr. Asquith is quite right in saying that if an election were held now other issues would be raised besides Home Rule. There is Welsh Disestablishment, which he mentioned: there is also the Insurance Act, which he did not mention. We grant that a general election gives a verdict on the general policy of the Government. Mr. Asquith himself was ready enough to endorse the doctrine in the 1906 Parliament. Our contention is that Home Rule is the most prominent item in the Government's policy, and that a hostile vote of the electorate would be first and foremost a condemnation of Home Rule. But if that is not enough for Mr. Asquith—if he is anxious to isolate the Home Rule issue—again we are ready to meet him. There is the referendum. If an election is too comprehensive, a referendum is the most definite instrument that could be devised. But Mr. Asquith will have none of the referendum, and for the astounding reason that it was not a part of Unionist policy ten years ago. Mr. Asquith has forgotten that things have happened during the past ten years. We had a Constitution ten years ago.

We come to the final conclusion of this bewildering speech. Observe the preliminary arguments. It is untrue that Home Rule is Mr. Redmond's price for Government support; it is untrue that the Bill is going through behind the people's backs. There is to be no general election, no referendum, no parleying with Ulster; and the conclusion of the whole matter is that the Prime Minister has not closed any door to peace. We invite any Radical to tell us how all the doors to peace could have been closed more effectively. Closed—why, the Prime Minister has not left one single controversial point of prime importance open for discussion. The outstanding obstacles to a settlement are the attitude of Ulster and the attitude of British Unionism. On neither of these matters is the Prime Minister prepared to hear a single word. This is what he calls leaving the door open. Mr. Asquith has the honesty to admit that he sees no prospect of agreement at this moment.

On Thursday the *Westminster Gazette* talked of "language appropriate to civil intercourse between rational beings." Mr. Asquith's speech is hardly this; but we do not complain of its tone. But the utter absence of coherent thought and consecutive argument is more serious. If the Prime Minister were to assert to-morrow that two and two make five, and that acceptance of this proposition was a preliminary to any discussion, it would not surprise us after the Leeds speech.

Is, then, the Government playing to fall? It seems absurd. If the Government are convinced that an election is inevitable, the surest way to bring it about is to take the most untenable ground, to dismiss arguments as myths and facts as bugbears, and so to construct a fool's paradise that will collapse when the storm breaks. If Mr. Asquith has made up his mind to create a situation with which his Government can refuse to deal without loss of face, he has gone to work in the right way. There is no other conceivable way to account for the confusions and contradictions of his speech.

THE CABINET'S DILEMMA.

IT is five weeks since Mr. Asquith at Ladybank invited "an exchange of views on the Home Rule question, free, frank and without prejudice". Mr. Bonar Law accepted that offer. The first move remained with Mr. Asquith, but, as we see, he has so far put forward no suggestions for the Opposition. The Cabinet meet three times a week, yet we appear no nearer a solution. There are two factors in the problem which throw into shade every other consideration: (1) The votes of the Nationalist party on the one hand; (2) the organised resistance of Ulster on the other. Indeed, Ulster dominates the situation. If civil war is to be avoided, the exclusion of Ulster from the Home Rule Bill is supremely essential. As Sir Edward Carson said at Birmingham, some principles are too sacred for compromise. The men of Ulster are and will remain, citizens of the United Kingdom. They will never recede from that position, and if the Government mean to carry their present proposals to the bitter end with the forces of the Crown, they must, before they succeed, blot Belfast from the map of the United Kingdom.

Ulster will never consent to the rule of a Nationalist Parliament. If Mr. Asquith does not offer the exclusion of Ulster, no form of compromise is possible—that, writing on the best authority, we can describe as the resolve of the Ulster Loyalists and their leaders to-day. He must be prepared, then, if he refuses to exclude Ulster, for civil war.

After Mr. Asquith's speech, it is hard to believe that the responsible leaders of the Cabinet—Mr. Asquith himself, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Churchill—do not appreciate the gravity of the position. Any Government—Liberal or Conservative—must shrink from the prospect of repressing organised rebellion in its midst. Any Government, in any circumstances, will be prepared to make great sacrifices to shun that. Ministers must realise that, if they permit the outbreak of civil war in Ulster, the country will hold them responsible. No matter what they may say on public platforms, Ministers know that if, through fear of appealing to the people, they suffer the country to drift into civil war, the censure of the nation will be terrible and will endure. The Liberal party, as it now exists, could not outlive the experiment.

On the other hand, there is danger of falling into the error that Mr. Asquith and his colleagues are earnestly trying to find the best solution of the Irish question. The speech at Leeds makes it only too clear that they are doing nothing of the kind. The question is not what the Government consider a satisfactory settlement, but what they can persuade Mr. Redmond to take. The most perfect proposal would be useless unless Mr. Redmond and his colleagues consented. The Nationalist Party to-day (apart from Mr. O'Brien's group) have 77 votes, which have hitherto been at the disposal of the Government—at a price, the price of the Home Rule Bill. If the Government want to make a new bargain, the Nationalists must be a party to the contract. They can turn the Government out on any division in which they choose to go into the Opposition Lobby. This has often been said before, but we must repeat it. English people are unaccustomed to the idea that the Government in power is not able to mould its own policy. It is necessary to draw attention to it at every phase of the controversy. We have no wish to make party capital out of it. It is simply necessary to record it as a fact—before it is possible to take an accurate view of the situation.

If the Cabinet were their own masters—the offer to exclude Ulster would have been made before now. But Mr. Asquith is faced with a dilemma. He dare not give way on the Ulster question—the Nationalist party will not consent. He dare not force the Bill into law—Ulster will fight. The position of Mr. Redmond is no less difficult. His reputation as a Nationalist of moderate views lends colour to the belief that he would take what he can get rather than risk all. The man

who was prepared to accept the Irish Councils Bill of 1907—before he was thrown over by the Convention at Dublin—would at least be ready to consider the exclusion of Ulster. But again his hands are tied! Mr. Devlin and Mr. Dillon, the extremists of the party—with the Ancient Order of Hibernians behind them—have throughout starkly refused to yield one iota to the demands of Ulster. It is no secret that the Home Rule Bill as it stands is distasteful to Irish Nationalists. Many of them regard it as unworkable. They are ready to accept it only as a makeshift measure—preparing the way for the acquisition of wider powers at the first opportunity. To these men the exclusion of Ulster presents an insurmountable barrier to their ultimate ideal of a truly national Parliament, independent of any control at Westminster. They refuse to agree to a compromise which would render impossible the fulfilment of their hopes. Mr. Redmond dare not demur, if he would—Mr. Devlin and Mr. Dillon represent the driving force behind the Home Rule movement. Resistance to the popular Nationalist demand would put an end to Mr. Redmond's leadership. A split in the party could not be avoided.

If the Nationalists will not agree to the exclusion of Ulster, what then remains?—civil war or a general election. Mr. Asquith at Leeds declared it to be the duty of the executive to assert the authority of the law by every appropriate and adequate measure. Sir Edward Grey also has said that violence must be met by violence. We should like to have the frank opinion of the Minister for War. It is an open secret that the Army is in sympathy with Ulster. We are able to state on the authority of a very eminent soldier that the Government will be unable to rely upon the Army. Feeling is running high in the ranks. The question is being keenly discussed in canteen and mess-room. The prevailing sentiment can be summed up in a few words: "We have sworn to fight the King's enemies, but not the King's friends". The treason of "Colonel" Lynch—the honourable member for West Clare—at the time of the South African War is bearing its fruit. The Army will not champion the cause of men who showed their true colours at the time of our national disaster. If the Government call for soldiers to put down a rising in Ulster, they will call in vain.

Last week the less important members of the Ministry—under the guidance of Mr. Birrell—vehemently protested there would be no general election. This week they have been reinforced by the Postmaster-General and by Mr. Asquith, while Mr. Birrell has found it necessary to repeat it to his Bristol audience. The reason is not far to seek. Ministers are compelled to speak on this note lest, before they have hit upon the happy expedient which is to relieve them of their difficulties, the country became obsessed by the idea that a general election is inevitable.

It is becoming more clear every day that not only is an appeal to the country the right course for the Government. It is the only course. Mr. Asquith may protest, but an appeal to the country is the only means of escape left to the Government from the impossible position they are placed in—a position which was bound to come sooner or later once they had to rely on the Irish vote. The process has been slow. The crisis has been postponed with masterly skill by the ablest tactician of modern politics. But the net is drawn tight. There is no escape. It remains only for the Government in the coming session to dissolve Parliament as gracefully as possible.

THE RAKE'S PROGRESS.

MR. LARKIN came among us like the whirlwind; he has gone like water. In one brief week he was for "down with the Empire", "down with the politicians", and "down with Home Rule". Now he is for downing English labour leaders, who are downing him. Mr. Larkin is not a politician, and he has not been able to fit into the English

Labour political scheme. He came to convert or to coerce the English Labour leaders; but the English Labour leaders have not moved an inch. Mr. Larkin tried to rush them, and he failed. The idea was hopeless from the start; he is not of their kind. He has none of their finesse or love of innocent platitude. He has dared to say rude things of politics and politicians, dared even to interfere in a Labour question outside his own union—there is a world of red-tape among Labour leaders, and each union is sacredly barred from the rest—has even dared to talk rudely of the Government by which all good Labour men live.

Mr. Larkin should have taken a warning from the recent fate of Mr. Lansbury. Mr. Lansbury was independent and talked rudely in Parliament, even shook his fist in the face of the Government on the floor of the House; and he is no longer there. Mr. Larkin, blind to all this, has not realised that the true policy of a Labour leader is to say unpleasant things of the Government in a "devilish gentlemanly way," like Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, but that he must on no account embarrass it.

There is a Labour leader, a pillar of the party, who is sometimes pleased to honour London with his company at dinner; he dines out regularly, and wears the uniform. Afterwards he returns to the House of Commons, lest the Tories should destroy the Government; but on the way to St. Stephen's he calls at his rooms and changes into the lounge suit and bowler hat of the democrat. A "dress" suit might offend the weaker brethren or a visitor from among his constituents. One cannot imagine Mr. Larkin doing that. He has no social ambitions. He will not be decently impotent, like the Labour party here, so he is solemnly warned by English Labour leaders and the English Labour newspaper to be careful. He called for immediate action—and they deferred considering the call three weeks. Now he is "downing" them again, at Sheffield. Mr. Larkin asked for a general strike; they gave him good advice, and told him not to meddle in things which were not really his affair. They were too wise for Mr. Larkin. They "lobbied" him; probably they told him he must not attack the Government and Home Rule, since by the Government and Mr. Redmond forty Labour gentlemen keep their place; probably they told him it was not safe to "Down the Empire" either, for one never knows in these days of Empire Parliamentary tours who may come back converted. The approved attitude in Labour circles is to say nothing as to the Empire and to down Tariff Reform. Clearly Mr. Larkin was disturbed. The speech at Manchester was modified and explained at the Albert Hall. Here Mr. Larkin was out of touch and out of place. At Manchester he spoke of what he knew—the evil housing conditions of Dublin, the starving women and children, the harsh Nationalist employers, the farce of political agitation for Home Rule in a sweated city—and his rough eloquence was rudely impressive. In London he spoke of what he did not know—the political situation, the Home Rule controversy—and the result was a frost.

But Mr. Larkin in Dublin is important and is powerful. On his own ground Mr. Larkin is sure of his way. The fiery agitator of Dublin is not the dazed orator who failed at the Albert Hall. In Dublin he has really achieved a great thing, almost an incredible thing. The dominant issue in Dublin is no longer Home Rule, but the conditions of labour, the unsavoury slums, the sweating; and while these things remain Mr. Larkin will remain a local power. The Dublin Home Rulers may ignore him, but the people to whom he appeals will not ignore him. They may even send him to Parliament, if he so wishes, as the head of a new Irish Labour party, which cares nothing for Home Rule and derides the English Labour party. The importance of Mr. Larkin, politically, is that he has in Dublin put Home Rule into the second place. Beyond that he does not help the Unionists in any way. He is and will be utterly unable to affect the agrarian vote in Ireland. He abuses Sir Edward Carson as bitterly as he abuses

Mr. Redmond. In Dublin he has hit Home Rule a staggering blow, but he has done this only because the Dublin Home Rulers are also the Dublin shareholders and employers of labour.

PLAYING AT SOLDIERS.

THE men who tell you that, because you have had no invasion since the Conquest, you'll never have one, and needn't guard against one, are very old men". Thus Palmerston over a militia movement sixty years ago—brave, impatient words, driving straight to the truth: words that probably were needed to warn English people then, and beyond the shade of a doubt are needed to warn English people to-day. The Territorial scheme has, after a long—a dangerously long—and full trial proved a failure; and everybody who cares to enquire, or even casually to read the speeches of Lord Roberts and others, knows perfectly well that the best opinion of the leading authorities now is that the invasion of Great Britain is a practical, a constant, a most grave danger. That is why we do to-day need very urgently a statesman of the calibre of Palmerston to startle the public out of the long sloth and false sense of safeness into which it has sunk over all that concerns invasion and national service.

Alas, instead of the scorn of Palmerston, the public has the soporific of Mr. Asquith; and not on the long list of Prime Ministers, at least of Prime Ministers of the front rank in power and intellect, a single one could be found quite to match—certainly not one to excel—Mr. Asquith in soporifics. The "Westminster Gazette", week after week, year after year, in its cartoons shows us the most comfortable, comforting figure of a Prime Minister that could possibly be imagined; and it has hit him off extremely well. There is that, nearly always, in the Prime Minister's tones and style, in the easy, rounded, assured sentences—in the whole carriage of the man—which suggests Browning's "All's right with the World". "Don't worry", he insists, "Wait a bit and see", "All in good season, my friends". His whole personality, as it is presented to us by his admiring cartoonists, seems to irradiate a spirit of complete composure. Who can wonder that there has grown up an Asquith Legend? Mr. A. H. Johnson, the great History lecturer at Oxford, used to tell his pupils of the story that Pitt went about with the Austerlitz look on his face towards the close—though some say that the gout had really more to do with that look in Pitt's face than ever Austerlitz had. The friends and admirers of the present Prime Minister may well be confident they will never live to see an Austerlitz look on their leader's features.

Mr. Asquith's reply to the County Territorial Association which waited on him on Wednesday affords a very perfect example of the good, easy, comforting, composed way. They come to him with bale. He rises, makes a speech, and all is balm forthwith! They come to him and tell him that every officer in the Territorials should have a yearly personal allowance of from £75 down to £20, besides adequate pay for weekend camps; they ask for annual bonuses, higher separation allowances, better clothing provisions, special money exemptions for all employers, etc. They come to him with a programme which—if Lord Roberts knows anything about military service—will run into £1,680,000 a year. Add this to the 3½ millions which the Territorials already cost, and we have a total of 5 million sterling: roughly, about the cost, Lord Roberts reckons, of a real National Service Army of 450,000 men, fully trained, fully equipped, permanent!

Whereupon the Prime Minister makes the most assuaging and comforting speech in the world. All the demands of the deputation are to be considered sympathetically by the Government—so far as "the resources at its disposal" permit. The Territorials, he finds, are splendid. How they knock the poor old Volunteers into a cocked hat! What training, what efficiency, what promise! Mark, too, the improvement

in figures. Nine thousand more men enlisting this year than enlisted last year; and, mirabile dictu, no less a number of new officers this year over last than—one hundred! So "the now acknowledged breakdown of the Territorial Army under the present system"—Lord Roberts's considered, expert words—is to be patched up by such "resources" as are at the Cabinet's disposal after the Government has settled with the Irish Nationalists and with its Old Age Pension and National Insurance liabilities. Once more we are to stumble up out of the Territorial quagmire and somehow boggle on till down we go again, or till the invader, putting a close to our suspense—and expense—does truly come. Has any Ministry since the time of Walcheren ever played and fumbled over its soldiers quite so absurdly as Colonel Seely's and Mr. Asquith's Ministry?

THE WOMAN'S DOG.

WHAT is the secret of woman's passion for toy dogs? That the mania for littleness, for eccentricity, for forlorn helplessness is chiefly a feminine weakness the enormous proportion of toy dogs at the Ladies' Kennel Show this week would prove, if proof were needed of a fact so obvious. Some men there are who delight in the simian ugliness of the Griffon, in the hydrocephalic pertness of the Japanese, in the inscrutable dignity of the tiny Pekingese, with its "billowing standard of pomp above its back", to borrow the fine figure of no less a personage than the late Empress Dowager of China. But the average male, loving dogs of most types, harbours a secret dislike for the Toy. He may have to put up with it for the sake of peace and quietness, but he can seldom simulate enthusiasm. It is woman who demands these dwarfs, woman who chiefly breeds them, and woman who makes most money out of the "fancy".

Of course, she overdoes it, as she overdoes all things. Nothing is quite so pathetic as the devotion of a woman—pretty, clever, and wealthy—to the rather insensible little animal she carries in her muff. Titania, coying Bottom's amiable cheeks, was profitably engaged in comparison; Bottom showed some appreciation, and had enthusiasms, if only for hay. Of course, the Toy, being a sort of a dog, is not without affection. But it is only Toy affection at best. The little creature has not room enough to develop the whole-souled worship of its human friend that dominates dogs of the grander types.

Besides, it has troubles of its own. Even in fair health it seems to be saddened by a sense of its own insignificance. Toy dogs are never puppies. They are born old, with a premature sense of the gloom of life. Just as one cannot imagine, say, John Stuart Mill making mud-pies, so one cannot fancy a highly bred Toy going into joyous delirium over a bone, or a ball, or an old slipper, or any other object appealing to the healthy puppy mind. Even if the Pekingese or the Griffon were naturally endowed with high spirits, how long could it withstand the dull magnificence of its surroundings? As easily expect sprightliness in the Escorial under the second Philip. Sleeping in a satin-lined bed, perhaps with hangings of tapestry; bathed in scented water; going through an elaborate bill of fare, including sole, chicken, and custard—is it wonderful that the Toy develops a well-bred indifference, a superiority to emotion that tantalises his doting mistress and urges her to new extravagances?

The maternal instinct gone astray—that is the common explanation of this feminine craze for the pampering of pets, which among the high plutocracy almost reaches the point of insanity. Yet ordinary observation shows that it is not the childless matron and the spinster alone who decorate their pets with jewelled collars, clothe them in purple and fine linen, and encase their paws in patent leather for town wear and brogues for the country. There are plenty of

houses where there are both nurse-maids and kennel-maids, and where the dogs' attendant has precedence of the children's. Still, in one sense, no doubt, the dog does represent the satisfaction of an imperious instinct of motherhood. In some women this instinct takes the form of the mere desire for a living toy, and a healthy child simply will not be anybody's toy—at least, not once it is old enough to possess a personality. Everybody knows the woman who dotes on her baby but has only a cool kind of affection for the child of two or three years later. She can no longer dandle and pet it, make a doll of it, expend on it the dumb impulses of her mother breast. It has ideas of its own; it prefers mischief to sentiment, would rather play than be kissed, and in short signifies with great decision its conversion to an individualist philosophy. A Toy dog may not respond intelligently to endearments, but it will at least accept passively the emotions that must have some outlet, and so its snub nose and globular forehead receive the tributes which the child scorns.

Women of this type often encounter the reproach that they are wanting in womanly instinct. They are accused of wasting on the kennel what should be given to the cradle. What is wrong with them is rather an exaggeration of the qualities of their sex, the maternal passion uncontrolled by any sense of proportion. We see it in the mother of an imbecile or sickly child, and then we honour it as the ultimate expression of human devotion. When it takes the form of feeding a fluffy little dog on caviare sandwiches, we condemn it. Yet in essence there is perhaps no great difference. At the root is the woman's feeling that this thing at least is wholly hers. Only death can separate the mother and this child. Only the dog-stealer can come between mistress and pet.

Bearing in mind this tendency to love helplessness for its own sake—it is seen, too, in women's devotion to invalid or worthless husbands who have the one virtue of fidelity—one wonders what would happen to man if woman really became the dominant sex. Would she not try to mould him much as she has moulded the Toy dog to her fancy? Men lag behind women in civilisation, said Mrs. Pankhurst on her farewell to New York. What standard of civilisation does the feminist desire man to reach? Something, one suspects, closely resembling the placid stupidity and dependence of a Pomeranian or a Pekingese.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE SPELLING BEE.

BY GILBERT CANNAN.

THE activity of the mind has often seemed to me very like the winding of skeins of coloured wool—probably because I had a grandmother who spent all her evenings and many of her days in making woollen mats. She wound the skeins into balls, cut the wool into pieces as she wanted them, and then threaded them into a mesh to make a pattern. So much does pattern seem to be the end of everything in my mind that often I seek relaxation by reversing the process and taking the balls and unwinding them into skeins. Such a threading of memory invariably leads me back to two recollections of myself: first, as a pinafored infant rolling in a puddle because I had been told not to go near it—my earliest deliberate assertion of individuality—and then as an inflated urchin issuing triumphant from a strenuous competition, a spelling bee. I was rewarded with a large red apple. I knew it to be a Canadian because I had seen just such apples in the greengrocer's at the corner of Carter Street, which was at the back of our entry, but beyond this scientific curiosity I had so little interest in the apple that I allowed my brother to eat it, and retired into a cogitation which has neither come to an end nor shows any signs of doing so.

It was my first grapple with the world outside myself, and its success was so enormously a matter of luck that I am still filled with the terror of it, and can win through no adventure of the mind without

reference to it. No other presentation of things as they are has made so deep an impression on me. I knew then that the mind is ultimately presented with an alternative, and that luck decides one way or another.

The scene is a class-room in what was then called a board-school. Three of its walls are of glass and wood and two of these walls slide up and down. In the room are eighty boys, more or less of one size and age, and on either side, through the glass are seen eighty more boys, and beyond them another eighty, and beyond again eighty, and round the corner fifty, with a herd of girls in another wing of the building. Our eighty boys are ranged standing on forms round three sides of the room against the glass partitions. The headmaster—a genial tyrant, a grey-bearded man with rather fierce and yet timid eyes, who had a wonderful skill in pinching the fleshy portions of a small boy's body—stands against the window with one hand in his pocket and the other dandling an apple, a large red apple, throwing it up in the air and catching it with an appetising smack, while our master, Ponty, explains the terms of the competition: one word each, until the last two boys left in, and they are to have three. That is to say, if you mis-spell a word, out you go. Ponty withdrew and the boy next me sang under his breath an authorless verse that was all the tradition, or, for that matter, all the poetry, except "We are Seven" and the "Eve of Waterloo," I ever discovered in the place:

Ponty's nose is long,
Ponty's nose is strong;
'Twere no disgrace
To Ponty's face
If Ponty's nose were gone.

The jingle so engrossed me that I lost count of what was happening, and found myself being roared at. "Sheep-faced boy—diphthong!" I said, "No sir." "Don't answer me back; spell it!" My little legs quaked and the walls of my stomach heaved in, and I spelled it. . . . There were five boys sitting down. My two neighbours joined them, and more followed. I was excited to find that I could spell all the words at which they failed. I did not gloat over their downfall! My interest was too deep for that. I was discovering that I knew words, that I was intimate with them, that the sound of them brought them before my mind letter by letter, and as words I gloried in them. Certain it is that I did not ask them to have any meaning. They came tumbling in on the teacher's harsh voice, and I could pull them out like elastic, or like a certain gold chain my mother had, and then let the links, the letters, close to again. It was a new and a singular power, and it was keeping me at an elevation while my fellows went toppling down. *Tracheotomy, vagary, pneumatic, elephantine, transatlantic*—I survived them all. The teacher threw them out. I caught them, rolled them up like a clot, and chucked them back to him. . . . There were only five of us left in. *Hypodermic* knocked out two. I trampled it underfoot. *Telepathy* reduced us to two, a red-headed boy (then a terror to fight, now an undertaker) and myself. We were called to the front of the class: "Come forward, Skinnylegs and Copper-nob". We went forward, heated, elated, glaring at the apple. "If one of you isn't out in ten minutes", said the headmaster, "I shall eat it myself". Twenty minutes later we were still at it. *Tripod* nearly floored me because it was presented syllable by syllable—tri-pod. "T-r", said I, with "y" falling off my tongue, when I caught a malicious gleam in the teacher's fierce yet timid eye. If it were not "y" then it must be "i", and I saved myself. He gave us a short respite then and entertained the class with an anecdote of how he once knew a boy whose legs were so thin that his mother used them for knitting-needles, and another boy whose head was so red that they used him to warm the beds. Then, suddenly out of his fantastic nonsense, he said,

"Gauge"! Legs and red heads so obsessed my mind that I had lost my power over words. I knew that gauge was not all it seemed, that there was a catch in it somewhere, but whether it was *gau* or *gua* I could not decide. It was a horror and a torment to me. I knew not whether it was my rival's turn or mine; nor did he know, for he said, "Me, sir?" "Yes, Carrots, you!" And Carrots faltered, fumbled, stammered, stammered: "G—". The most awful pause ensued. He repeated "G—". If he failed, the word would pass on to me. If he failed I should know where the *u* fell. He prevaricated: "Greengage, sir?" "No, gauge of a railway." "G—g—u—." "Wrong: now then, Matchsticks!" I had it. The apple was mine. I did not wait for more. I believe I moved towards the apple as I spoke: "G—a—u—g—e". The teacher hurled the apple at me, and I caught it.

My brother ate it. He ate it on the way home. I watched him eat it with never a word of reproach. I was torn between my new-found delight in words as words and horror at the luck which had brought me to success. Suppose I had been asked first! I should have said *g—u—a—g—e*. There was a trick in the word, and that looked odder than the other way. I should have said *g—u—a—* and Carrots would have got the apple. To be frank, I hated my luck. I wanted to have got my success with my beloved power, my sense of mastery. I loathed to admit that apples are won by anything else but unaided merit, and I was forced to admit it.

And it has always been so. In work, in play, in love, in marriage—oh! especially in marriage—in the making of books, in the winning of bread, there is always the discovery of a power, the practice in the use of it, the arrival at an alternative, and then the decision, the achievement by luck, so that there is never any satisfaction in the winning of the prize, but only in the endeavour. Is that fundamentally, humanly so? Or is it only personal, to myself, a conditioning of my mental attitude by experience? Indeed, I have no taste for gambling, for the breathless alternative without the power or the endeavour. Is that foolish—perverse? Surely life is ultimately one huge gamble. It is so; but I know that the alternative is only reached through endeavour and the exercise of power. I knew that when I was a very little boy.

SENSIBILITY: A DIALOGUE.

(LAURENCE STERNE, BORN NOVEMBER 24TH, 1713.)

Scene: The Garden of the Tuilleries.

Enter, from opposite directions, the shades of Laurence Sterne and Dr. Samuel Johnson.

STERNE. Dr. Johnson, if I err not?

JOHNSON. Sir, you have the advantage of me.

STERNE. Nay, sir, 'tis I that am at a disadvantage—I that bestrode my poor hobby-horse of Letters—alas, 'tis many years since—without ever getting so much as a nod from their Dictator!

JOHNSON. If you talk of Letters, I never admitted Mr. Sterne's pretensions: I see no reason to depart from a judgment which—

STERNE (*interrupting*). But, Doctor, I can show you hosts of reasons. We are here in Paris—amid a people to you at least alien in sentiment and (methinks) in language—you lack a whetstone for your dialectic—

JOHNSON. Sir, as Milton has it—I admit I was a little hard upon him—"the mind is its own place". He who has a fund of literature and philosophy will ever find disputants within his own breast. He needs not to take up with a chance and unsought acquaintance, whose—

STERNE (*interrupting*). Whose birthday it happens to be—who is the prey of melancholy thoughts—who throws himself upon your sympathy. Of old you were not insensible to such anniversaries. Have you forgot the lines you writ for Mrs. Thrale?

JOHNSON (*obviously mollified*). Sir, 'twas a trifle merely; thrown off, so to say, while the tea was

brewing. But come; I, too, am no stranger to depression. We will, if you please, endeavour to hearten one another's spirits. I know not what trick of fancy has caused me to revisit a city and a people that I never conspicuously loved—unless 'twere a November fog in Fleet Street. Without budging an inch from my attitude towards Mr. Sterne as an author, I am willing to converse with him as a man.

STERNE (*bowing low*). You are all suavity and politeness, Doctor. Well, a man is privileged upon his birthday. Suppose we talk about—myself. Have you ever reflected on the influence of the seasons upon nativity? The last leaves were falling, when I was swaddled—fit emblems of a life destined to be stripped, one by one, of its alleviations—I was cradled amid tempests—the pitiless raindrops fell faster than the leaves—but no faster nor no fiercer than the blows of misfortune have fallen incessantly upon my helpless head. (*He produces a pocket-handkerchief of the finest cambric, and buries his face in it*).

JOHNSON (*fidgeting from one foot to another*). Poh, sir! These are foppish lamentations. Pray let's have no more on't.

STERNE (*recovering his composure, and looking at the sky*). Nay, but hear me! See how, at this moment, the sunshine breaks through heavy clouds, transfiguring all things. 'Twas thus with my genius—nothing could for long obscure it—it flashed forth, in spite of all—it illumined *Lefevre's* tears and *Toby's* smile—my glance was ever upward—

JOHNSON. Which prevented you from remarking, no doubt, that you were often ankle-deep in mire and garbage.

STERNE (*airily*). Things, believe me, incidental to the world we live in. Blame the dull earth for them, not me. You make too small allowance for temperament—your own as well as mine. Argument was your weapon, always—innuendo, sometimes, mine—I plied the rapier—you (pardon me) the bludgeon—what matter how we got our effects, so long as we got them!

JOHNSON. A truce to sophistry! Mine was at least a weapon before which impostors trembled. I will not be provoked into using it upon the shadow of a shade. (*He snorts*).

STERNE. Shade! The word is most suggestive. The lights and shades of literary artifice—how wholly you neglected them! That is why people nowadays cannot read your *Ramblers* and your *Idlers*. Your *Dick Shifters* and your *Minims* are forgot—while the world still cherishes—they tell me—*Corporal Trim* and *Mr. Shandy*.

JOHNSON (*glowering*). Sir, if by the world you mean the mob of readers, the world is welcome to its opinion. I set no store by it.

STERNE. And therein lies your error—both as man and author. Had you been susceptible of every sort of impression, as I was—had you allowed life to play upon the strings of your being at its will—you had been a more agreeable man and writer. Our characters are discernible in our books. Your want of sensibility—

JOHNSON (*interrupting*). There it is! I thought we should be upon it soon! *Sensibility . . .* Pray, sir, what practical good has sensibility ever effected? Sir, sensibility ever stops short of benevolence. It derives a pleasing melancholy from the woes of others. It debauches the character of him who harbours it. It makes him the prey of mawkish imaginations. It is but another name for the merest self-indulgence.

STERNE. Bless me, how am I belaboured with words! But there is no active benevolence—I assure you—without sensibility to prompt it. Will you give me leave to prove so much?

JOHNSON. Why, yes, sir—if you can. STERNE. This morning my occasions took me to the Bank of France. There were several customers, and I must wait my turn. Among them was a

woman of the people—a fair face, on which, however, constant toil had already set its mark. She handed the clerk a piece of gold, to be added to her store. He eyed it with suspicion—you are aware that the coiners of base money have been busy. He tested it between the blades of a little instrument—a sort of scissors. It bent—it broke. He threw the fragments to the poor woman. "You have been cheated", he exclaimed. "The coin is counterfeit—it is worthless". But she would not hear him. "It must be real", she cried. "It is the savings of months of labour. It is you who defraud me! You have destroyed my money!" The clerk persisted—bade her, at last, be gone. She passed from wrath to misery. She burst into tears and lamentations. I hear them still! My own tears were rising; the other gentlemen, waiting, like myself, their turn, were visibly affected.

JOHNSON. Aye, sir, I'll be bound they were. Frenchmen, and as vaporous and fantastic as yourself. A wonderful deal of good your combined tears did the poor woman. So much for sensibility!

STERNE. Aye, sir! So much—is sympathy nothing? Is it nothing that our sorrow testified to the oneness of humanity? So much, I say; but more also. Permit me to finish my narrative. I plunged my hand into my pocket—a plague on't, I drew forth an empty purse—but the others followed me—they clubbed together, and made up two louis to replace the bad one. Judge, then, if the poor soul went away consoled and happy!

JOHNSON. Sir, did you take the woman's address? I, too, would like to contribute to her necessities. You did not? That was remiss in you.

STERNE. Aha, Dr. Johnson! Where is your stoicism, your rigour? You also, it appears, are the sport of sensibility!

JOHNSON (*hotly*). Nothing of the kind, sir. I am actuated by that determination to relieve honest and deserving poverty which has always been among my principles. Sensibility has nothing to do with it. I despise sensibility, and I detest sentimentalists. It is an affair of reason, pure reason, exclusively.

STERNE. Oh, yes, of course, an affair of pure reason exclusively! (*He indulges in a prolonged cackle*).

JOHNSON (*stiffly*). Sir, you appear to be diverted. Where the risible faculty is so easily stirred, a vacuity of intelligence is invariably conned. I will wish you a very good morning.

STERNE. Good morning, Dr. Johnson! Sensibility has nothing to do with it, of course—Oh, no, nothing at all! (*He vanishes, leaving a trail of laughter behind him*. Dr. Johnson remains, muttering angrily to himself. Presently, however, a good-humoured smile steals over his rugged features; then, before it is exhausted, he also disappears.)

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE LORD PROVOST OF GLASGOW.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

MY LORD,—

A rumour has reached me that there is a movement on foot in Glasgow to provide some memorial to Thomas Carlyle that shall be worthy of him, of Scotland, and of your great city. I have heard also that, whatever further form this memorial may take, there is a strong feeling that a statue of Carlyle shall be the first part of it. It is not likely, if such a movement be really started in Glasgow, that it will have any small or paltry result; on the contrary, I should expect it to take an almost national form, and that Glasgow, by the virtue of her initiative and the generosity of her gifts, will now do that for the memory of Carlyle which Edinburgh, if not the whole of Scotland, should long ago have done. I hear further that an opinion has been expressed that a replica of the Boehm statue of Carlyle would be considered acceptable by those who have been initiating this movement.

My reason for approaching you publicly, my Lord, in a matter which may be regarded as primarily the concern of the citizens of Glasgow, is that I am anxious to bring to your Lordship's attention certain considerations which cannot be mentioned too early. It is indeed impossible to regard provision of a memorial to Thomas Carlyle by the city of Glasgow as a merely local affair. It is a national affair. Carlyle's name stands higher to-day in the world, and his fame is greater, than at any time since his death. His influence is increasing and incalculable. He has in one sense become the heritage and possession of the whole world; but his native Scotland, which he so dearly loved, to which he was so faithful, and in whose soil rather than amid the historic splendours of Westminster Abbey he chose that his bones should rest, is entitled to regard him with a more intimate pride. The monument to him, therefore, which Scotland provides cannot suitably be erected anywhere else than on Scottish soil; and Glasgow, perceiving that the time is fully come for the provision of such a monument, has the right to possess it by virtue of her initiative in proposing it. We shall look then to Glasgow, which in other ways has been so honourable an example to Scotland in matters of art, to provide a really noble and worthy memorial.

For this reason, my Lord, I would respectfully suggest that the occasion demands something more characteristic of Scotland and Carlyle than a copy of a statue which already exists in London. It would indeed be a poor thing to have to confess that we cannot attempt a new memorial, and must fall back on copies of the old. But there is another and deeper objection to the Boehm statue which I would ask your Lordship to consider. Fine as it is, it is a portrait of a very old man—a crumpled, sad old man. Practically all the chief portraits of Carlyle, whether the work of sculptors or painters, represent him in his old age. Beautiful and picturesque to the sculptor and painter as the deep sadness of Carlyle's declining years may have been, they are not what the world should wish chiefly to dwell upon. Even now, however, chiefly owing to these masterly representations of his old age, the popular conception of Carlyle is that of an old man; and if the portraiture of a tottering old age be perpetuated, so also will be the idea of a brain worn and saddened by suffering and endurance, and his attributes will be ranked with the glories of a sunset and the picturesqueness of a ruin. Could anything be really more unfair to the memory of Carlyle? He stood for strength and hope; the strength that does not fear to see the worst of the dangers that surround it, and yet can find hope that they will in the end be vanquished; a strength that can take its stand on some rock in the mid-journey of life, looking back without regret and forward without dismay. Surely the right monument of Carlyle would give expression above all things to strength and not to decrepitude. No such monument exists. It is the great opportunity of Glasgow that if the rumours to which I have referred be well founded she will now have the chance to fulfil this strange omission and provide a statue of Carlyle in the full vigour of his maturity.

It will rightly be asked: Does there exist a sculptor with imagination enough, with understanding enough of Carlyle, and with enough command of his material, to turn what we know and feel about this great man into a living artistic expression in clay or bronze? I confess, my Lord, that when I look round upon the work of our official and academic sculptors I see no evidence that their attempt to achieve such a task would be anything but a lamentable failure, not glorifying but belittling the memory of Carlyle. But by singular good fortune Scotland herself can answer this question in the affirmative. In Mr. John Tweed she possesses, I will not say the only sculptor worthy the name in Britain, but I will say, the one who has combined the highest degree of artistic endowment with an unspotted artistic integrity—the kind of integrity which has consistently refused to make capitulations of conscience in the interest of material success, and which has yet been fortunate enough to have the oppor-

tunity of proving the beauty and worth of its conceptions. My Lord, I need only remind you that in Tweed's statues of Cecil Rhodes at Bulawayo, of Clive at Calcutta and Whitehall, and of Captain Cook at Whitby there exist three singular examples of an expression in sculpture of three different kinds of strength and virility. One may take them as examples of the strong man of ambition, of the strong man of action, and of the strong man of adventure. In Carlyle the genius that portrayed these would surely find a wonderful subject for a study of the strong man of intellect and character. Mr. Tweed's master, Rodin, whose high admiration for the statue of Captain Cook was so emphatically expressed on his last visit to England, has perhaps come nearest to the possibility of such a thing in his monument to Victor Hugo; and I cannot but believe that in the manhood of Carlyle Mr. Tweed would find a subject and idea so much after his heart that he would be inspired to the creation of a masterpiece such as not Glasgow only, but the whole English-speaking world would regard with satisfaction and pride.

I am not a Scotsman, but I profess myself a disciple, however remote and unworthy, of Carlyle; and I make the foregoing suggestion in the belief that it is a pertinent and timely one, and that it may be of service in those deliberations in which your Lordship may be called to take a leading part.

" IF WE HAD ONLY KNOWN."

BY JOHN PALMER.

THE difference between an idea and a commonplace is, of course, a mere difference between what is intellectually fashionable and what is not. A stock of intellectually fashionable commonplaces entitles one to be regarded as a man of ideas. Ideas are those fortunate commonplaces of the day which allow those who adopt them and persistently unload them upon their friends to be esteemed as people of sense and spirit. "Ideas" may be defined as platitudes which every well-bred person of the day can deliver without shame in a company of the respectably intellectual. The majority of these ideas are at the present moment stocked in large quantities by authors of collectivist tendencies. The platitudes of Socialism, and all the "ideas" which seem mysteriously to wait upon Socialism—ideas about meat and marriage and war and religion and alcohol and the Far East and fox-hunting—these are the fashionable commonplaces of to-day. The person who takes care to be most fully equipped with these ideas is universally welcomed in gnostic literary circles. If, on the other hand, he has at an impressionable age read the classics of yesterday, and absorbed to his undoing the commonplaces, say, of the nineteenth century, he is in rather a different case. For the curious fact is this—that, though the person who retails contemporary commonplaces is usually regarded by his coevals as honourably endowed, the person who retails the commonplaces of yesterday is regarded as a negligible idiot. So it seems that the really important thing for a person who wishes to be honourably received by any given set of thinkers and writers is to be born at the right time. Having succeeded in this, the next important thing for him is to read the right books. Are not these, indeed, the two things especially required of all candidates who wish to be distinguished at the learned universities? I vaguely remember submitting a birth-certificate to the authorities, and I clearly remember some lists of suitable books. Obviously, it is of no use to be born in the early nineties, and thereafter, for the rest of your life, to proceed unloading Burke upon your contemporaries. Anyone who doubts the truth of this is here invited to make the experiment when next he foregatheres with the recognised "intellectuals" of to-day. Let him unload as his own an idea from Burke about independence or the present discontents and he will soon see that cleverness, or even genius, is only a question of being born in a particular year and of being entirely unaware that

English literature or English thought is older than oneself.

Still, one cannot help feeling sympathetic with unfortunate young people who, having neglected to keep within the fashion of the period, must ever after hang their heads when contemporary ideas—the only ideas, of course, that matter—are passing between their happier friends. People who think that Burke is wiser than Mr. Philip Snowden, who prefer Latimer's sermons to the sermons of Mr. R. J. Campbell, who believe that Robert Kett was as fine a fellow as Mr. Larkin, who would rather discuss Shakespeare's "Henry IV." than Mr. Masefield's "Pompey the Fiend"—in a word, the sluggards in thought and taste who have no more reverence for the present than they have for the past—these are surely rather to be pitied than reviled. They must feel perpetually like the miserable man who always wears a black tie and a dinner jacket when other men, with an instinct for these things, are unanimously in white ties and a tail.

I am therefore moved rather to commiserate with Mr. Inglis Allen, the author of a new play at the Queen's Theatre, than to join the chorus of the intellectuals in his dispraise. He is woefully out of the fashion; but surely we should be kind rather than contemptuous. Mr. Allen should have been born ten years ago or ten years hence. (It hardly matters which way one reckons the periods of fashion.) He has written a play which definitely classes him with the unhappy people who quote Burke in a modern drawing-room, and prefer fibs about human nature in the manner of Tom Robertson to fibs about human nature in the manner of Mr. Arnold Bennett.

"If We Had Only Known" is a dear little play about a married pair who violently disagree, till a baby is born. Thereafter the worries of life only increase the happiness of life. All that is of value in Mr. Allen's play is now set down. With engaging charm he offers it to a public which for at least ten years has steadily been hardening its heart to the appeal of domestic sentiment. You may, of course, write about babies to-day as much as you please in plays, novels and newspapers. But you must write about them as "problems", or as raw material of the new community, or as the younger generation knocking at the door. You must not write about them simply as babies. It is no longer done.

But, now that Mr. Allen has done it, the problem arises as to whether he is the pioneer of a return to a belief in the regenerating influence of domestic sentiment, or whether he is an echo of the time before hard thinkers of to-day had driven into our hearts a profound distrust of English family life. Here there is always a difficulty in dealing with any conspicuous exception to prevailing fashion. Is it a call from the past, or a herald of the future? I suspect Mr. Allen would at this point suggest that we dropped this idle chatter about the past and the future. Babies, he would urge, are not for this or that particular period, but for all time. There, Mr. Allen, you are assuredly wrong. Personally, I agree with you, and like your play, and think you are a man of courage to write as you do in flat defiance of the people who have ideas. But you and I are unfortunate in being out of the fashion. We are without any sort of intellectual *savoir faire*. At a time when the English family is a note of interrogation you write of it as if it were a fact; and at a time when I should treat your play as if it were quite beneath a contemporary critic's consideration I have to confess that on the whole I enjoyed it, and that on coming away from the theatre I arrested myself in a train of obsolete and discredited reflections as to the extreme difficulty of doing a simple thing really well, or even as well as it is done in "If We Had Only Known".

This last consideration also applies to the acting. I have not for a long time seen a new play that required so much tact and discretion as "If We Had Only Known". An error of taste—to the breadth of a hair—immediately filled one with the terror of a complete collapse of the play in ridicule, or at least in discom-

fort for all. There were moments when the play actually trembled upon the brink of this collapse, but the players pulled it through. Mr. Malcom Cherry, Miss Gerald and Mr. Rudge Harding had most of the difficult work. I don't think I ever saw anybody whose job I envied less than Mr. Rudge Harding's in the first act. Mr. Harding spoke with sincere feeling of things which he knew must create in certain sections of his audience a considerable degree of self-consciousness—the kind of self-consciousness that runs to ribaldry in self-defence. Upon the first night this threatened to wreck the play, some people having got into the theatre who would have felt more at home at the "Criterion" or the "Garrick". But, if I didn't envy Mr. Harding his job, I certainly envied the able, devoted, and delicate skill with which he undertook it. I should like to see this play run for many nights to come, if only to show all the clever and brilliant people who make Mr. Allen and myself feel sometimes a little out of things that we are not in so permanent or so considerable a minority as we seem.

OPERA FOR POOR AND RICH.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

TWO appeals widely differing in nature have been made during the past fortnight to lovers of opera in this country. One is serious; the other, though it may seem rank blasphemy to say so, cannot be regarded as serious. The serious appeal is signed by, amongst others, Messrs. Thomas Beecham, Arthur Fagge, Edward German, Charles Manners, Percy Pitt, and Henry J. Wood, Mrs. Moody-Manners and Madame Melba—certainly an imposing list of names. The other is signed by no one in particular. With regard to the first, probably most of my readers are aware of the existence of the Royal Victoria Hall in Waterloo Road. I have never been inside the building, but frequently see it referred to in the newspapers as the "dear old Vic.", and I gather that it has a past. What is more important is the fact that it has a present, and seems likely to have a future. The question is, What sort of future? In the past it was a music-hall; at present it is an opera-house for the poor, a concert-hall and a lecture-hall. Is it to remain this in the future or to degenerate into a picture-palace? For many years the late Miss Emma Cons "ran" the Victoria on philanthropic lines; without ostentation she paid up the inevitable deficits; and she enabled each week thousands of people to enjoy concerts, perhaps not quite equal to those given at Queen's Hall, but certainly much superior to anything ever heard in the squalid regions in which Waterloo Station lies. Opera has been given by artists who, in my opinion as repeatedly given in this REVIEW, are the equals of those who sing at Covent Garden. These performances, I repeat, I never heard or saw; but, knowing the artists, and having the reports of people whose judgment I can rely on, I can well believe everything was of the best. The social value of all this work was invaluable; but a musical critic is not expected to deal with social affairs, and cheerfully I turn to the musical aspect of the question. I have written and rewritten it, until most readers must have grown tired, that the future of music in this country is tied up with opera. Until the masses of the people fall into the habit of going to opera regularly we shall never get any more forward. The habit of the richer classes of going to opera simply does not count; we want a serious public who think only of going to opera for opera's sake. At present this institution, which exists for the benefit of people who cannot afford guineas for boxes, is in peril for want of £200 or £250 a year. It is not often that an appeal for money is made in this REVIEW; but now I make one on behalf of the devoted band who keep the Victoria Hall going; and I beg all who want to see opera taken up seriously in this country to send in their help as soon as may be.

The other appeal is from the Grand Opera Syndicate. There are no names to it. It is a private business

enterprise, run simply for profit; and the latest "catch" is Wagner's "Parsifal." Now "Parsifal" pays very well at Bayreuth; and bishops, the clergy, and neurotic ladies go there in their thousands to hear the work. But "Parsifal," shorn of these accessories, will soon be seen to be a beggarly work, the barren fruit of Wagner's old age. Excepting the Good Friday music there is nothing fresh or delightful in the opera. There is much of the imposing—the march of the monks, etc.; there is the waltz of the Flower Maidens; there is the Grail scene. But the "Parsifal" of Wagner is by no means the "Parsifal" Wagner would have designed many years earlier. In every way he had degenerated. "Parsifal" will never attract an English audience. About the fate of opera in England, surely it is much more important that opera in England at large should be largely supplied with funds. Not one scheme that I know of at present is decently supplied with funds.

So we have the great scheme at the Victoria—the scheme of which I have written at length; and we have the other scheme, of which I have written at no length. The first one I support with all my heart. The other I regard as merely a secondary affair. With the most serious consideration in the world, it seems to me of small importance that such a work as "Parsifal" should be presented at all in this country; but the Victoria company have done a great work for opera during many years.

The third of the Bach Chamber-music concerts took place on Tuesday evening in the Westminster Cathedral hall. I am glad to be able to say that the arrangements were admirable; and there was no suggestion of the penny reading. This was as it should be; and it is satisfactory that Dr. Terry and his helpers have found a medium between the stiffness and formality of the big orchestral concerts and the casual, happy-go-lucky style adopted in former years by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch. The programme was not, to me at least, quite so interesting as that of the previous concert; some of the items were not so much chamber music as drawing-room music; and, though far removed in elevation from all we understand by the latter opprobrious term, yet such music we can play and hear at home for ourselves. The sonata for pianoforte and flute, played by Miss Moggridge and Mr. T. Neale, and the recitative and air, "O Jesu, our Redeemer," sung by my relative, Miss Violet Runciman, are things for private rather than public performance; and the time they occupied was to an extent time wasted. On the other hand, the concerto for three pianos and orchestra, and that for piano, violin, and flute, were well worth hearing, containing as they do some of Bach's most vigorous and beautiful music. Even on me the two cantatas for treble voices soon palled. In Bach's day people liked that sort of thing, and would listen to it by the hour; but we live in the twentieth century, and, in a word, I felt that one would have sufficed. This is all I have to say in the way of grumbling. The playing was throughout excellent. The little band of women is a thoroughly competent body, and carried through the accompaniments with immense spirit. There was no exasperating amateurish scraping; there was nothing mechanical in the playing; without indulging in modern effects, there was endless variety of colour, and the crescendos were perfectly worked up. Miss Lilian Mukle played the trumpet finely, and some of her crescendos, besides showing great artistic sensitiveness, spoke volumes for her lung-power. Of Miss Runciman's singing of the rather thankless Bach air it will be better for me not to write. The next concert takes place on January 27, 1914.

HISTRIONALIS STREPITUS.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

EARLY autumn, as a rule, does not claim to be an exciting time in Paris. To the many people whom it calls back to town in the train of their children and just in time for the reopening of schools, it means

the beginning of the year almost as really as when they went to school themselves, and the consequence is not an unpleasant one. The new year, as it is called, lies before them as an untouched domain, and as on one hand there are no pressing duties, and on the other nothing much goes on, the result is an impression of comfort and stability which even the sight of architects with their retinue of demolishers is not enough to disturb. Early autumn is the wide, airy antechamber of the Parisian year.

This time it was nothing of the kind, and no wild political November, no festive pre-Lenten February, no racing, dressy June, could vie with it for agitation. From the first day to the last, and overlapping on November, which belongs to the Deputies, the extraordinary October, 1913, was full of sensational news, all coming from that most sensational quarter, the theatre. It began with the announcement that M. Claretie was leaving the Comédie-Française after twenty-odd years of management or mismanagement, and with the corresponding fear that the unlimited leisure of the ex-director may result in an outpour of column after column of reminiscences which we shall have to swallow in the "Temps" or the "Figaro". To this explosive piece of news five or six legal cases between authors or actors and managers made a proper accompaniment. Then we heard that M. Bernstein, tired of only producing two or three plays every year, and having wasted last winter in the pastime of selling his pictures, like M. Doucet, was becoming a manager with the joys of refusing plays written in imitation of his own, accepting others in a dry and austere formula, and fighting defiant actresses. Then we were told that what we had read in the summer about M. Jacques Copeau's whim was a fact. This young man, rich, talented, fastidious, the artistic editor of the artistic "Nouvelle Revue Française", was really to become the manager of a new theatre, Le Vieux-Colombier—nay, an actor like Shakespeare or Molière; it was quite true that he had spent the whole summer in a secluded village, within convenient distance of Paris, learning and teaching—learning from professional actors how to whisper for a large audience, and teaching them in return naturalness—yes, naturalness and simplicity—all that Antoine used to teach his wonderful first disciples, plus a certain bloom of appreciation which Antoine had had few chances of acquiring in the Parisian gas-works offices wherefrom his untaught genius suddenly appeared. After that, if I remember right, the widowed Comédie-Française reopened its newly and very badly repainted halls, and, lo! we were treated to "Sophonisbe", not by Pierre Corneille, but by M. Poizat. The surprise was so great that we took it as a matter of course that the Bobino music-hall—a popular theatre within sight of the Quartier Latin and even of my own respectable surroundings—should give its mixed audience a play of Jean Racine to match the effort of the Comédie-Française. Then Yvette Guilbert made a sensation by treating a select houseful as a class of schoolboys and compelling them to join in her choruses as if she had only to command and they to obey. Then M. Messager was turned out of the Opéra and replaced by M. Chevillard and M. Jacques Rouché, but not without showing fight and declaring that a manager of the Opéra abdicates, but does not go. How exciting, and what comments! It took an incident of this magnitude to inform me of a few instructive particulars: I had no idea that it was useful for a director of the Opéra to be rich, and it had never occurred to me that the first French theatre was on a level with the Théâtre des Arts, insomuch as either require the enlightened presence of a millionaire. I also noticed that some people thought themselves dangerously witty in repeatedly insinuating that M. Jacques Rouché has made his money by robbing roses and violets of their scent. How do people who make money make it? Whom do they rob of what? Just as all this talk went on about theatres and cheque-books, the brand-new Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, with its still undimmed marble façade, its pictures by Maurice Denis still smell-

ing of fresh paint, and the dust raised by the furious Russian ballets still in the air—the Théâtre des Champs-Elysées, with its supremely clever Hebrew manager, Astruc, failed, apparently for want of money. This, I believe, was the last of that wonderful chain of theatrical news; but a week beforehand the performance of M. Bataille's "Le Phalène" had been more than news; it had been a regular scandal, which deserves some consideration.

M. Bataille is a strange person. He is a fastidious artist, as appears in many passages of his early book of verse, "La Chambre Blanche"; he is a powerful dramatist, as "La Vierge Folle" proved beyond a doubt; but he probably is not a very intelligent man. If he were, he would not have courted failure in a manner which cannot be ennobled with the epithet of courageous: genius, especially poetic genius, is naturally wide awake and by no means gullible. Now, M. Bataille, after a long period of recollection, during which he was supposed to be going through the same process of rejuvenation as M. Rostand while he wrote "Chantecler", appeared before the public with a play conceived in the same atmosphere as "Maman Colibri", gratuitously shocking, and containing caricatures of real men and women, which talent usually disdains.

"Le Phalène"—"The Moth"—is a copy more than a replica of that poor Marie Bashkirtseff, the incarnation of the modern girl of twenty-five years ago, the restless creature whom Maurice Barrès called in an essay, the best part of which was its title, "Our Lady of the Sleeping-Car". Her name is Thyra de Marlieu, and she is a sculptor instead of a painter; but she is a Slav. Her professor's name is Lepage. She is rich, beautiful, consumptive, and a genius. She is engaged to the Prince Philippe de Thyeste, a very improbable Italian—it is extraordinary that M. Bataille should not know that the Italian language is innocent of "y's" and "th's". Being a genius and a consumptive, it would seem that poor Thyra, as her prototype, should make the most of her counted years to produce something great; but M. Bataille, who is, or thinks he is, a delicate person himself, and lives in severe seclusion, passing from his pill to his pen, would think this undramatic. The tragic view of the case is to make this unfortunate girl burn away what is left her of vitality in—in what? It is painful to have to say that it is in what M. Bernstein described two or three years ago as "la plus creuse des noces". There may be excitement in a Florentine feast, in a Montmartre ball, in the contrast between a beautiful night at Constantinople and the wit and blague of a party of viveurs; but no amount of talent will make us believe that this excitement can go on uninterrupted for five years; and the lyricism which M. Bataille always throws over his plays as a brilliant—if often cheap—drapery is not enough to blind us to impossibilities. Let us not mention the final scene, which is the poetry of the flesh run mad and decidedly unlovely. Ten years ago this drunken play might have passed for an effort of genius; to the playgoer of to-day it appears only as a thing of ten years ago. From the mere ethical standpoint it is a remarkable sign of the times that it should be the "Figaro" which gave the general verdict: "Paris deserves something better than a play which Russia, England and Germany would regard as debasing". Mere vitriolic violence has had its day, and the instinct of true artists—who may not be a whit more moral than M. Bataille, but feel artistically—is to go back to sanity, as our prose goes back to substantives in the interest of its adjectives.

It would be refreshing to place beside "Le Phalène" the first effort of M. Jacques Copeau. I have no doubt that my English reader will hear with an admixture of delight, amusement, admiration, and even disquietude, that it was no other than an adaptation by M. Copeau himself of old Heywood's "A Woman Killed with Kindness". We shall revert to the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ULSTER AND HOME RULE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hammerfield, Penshurst, Kent,

26 November 1913.

SIR,—In the full before the coming storm permit me to record the views of an "ordinary onlooker" in regard to the present perplexed problem of Ulster.

It seems to me sometimes that counsel is being darkened by the omniscient publicists who instruct us in the daily and weekly Press. Surely the elements of the problem are more simple than we have been taught. As a child I was told that Ireland consisted of four provinces—Ulster, Munster, Leinster, and Connaught—but I fear it is often forgotten that these provincial boundaries have not come into being by chance or accident, but are the organic upgrowth of centuries. There is surely, then, no need for that army of boundary commissioners, statisticians, and geographers invoked by the "Spectator" for the settlement of this vexed question. Nothing could possibly be more undesirable than to segregate Protestants from Catholics into concentration camps of mutual mistrust and ill-will, whether in the north or in the south of this Island of Unrest. For more than a century, under the Act of Union, these racial and religious animosities have been dying down, and any attempt to separate the sheep from the goats could only intensify the evils which these unhappy differences have already produced. No! sir; let the province of Ulster in its historical entirety be excluded from the Home Rule Bill, and a solution acceptable to both parties is at hand. Under such conditions Ulster, as it fervently desires, would remain an integral portion of the United Kingdom and the British Empire; while a single clause, such as is already common to most English Acts of Parliament, would simply and definitely declare that the province of Ulster was not included within the operation of the Home Rule Bill. Such an arrangement might not be satisfactory to the Nationalists, who desire to govern Ireland after their own sweet will, at the expense of the prosperous communities of the north, but it could be passed by agreement between the Liberal and Unionist parties, and the country would be delivered from the unspeakable horrors of Civil War. With Ulster thus excluded, Sir Edward Carson could return to the English law-courts, which he has so long adorned, while Messrs. Redmond, Dillon, and Devlin, and the Irish patriots who follow in their train, could make their grand experiment of Home Rule, with their separate legislature, customs and post-office, unhampered, unhindered—and perchance unhappy—in the southern provinces of Munster, Leinster, and Connaught.

What an object-lesson would then be given, in the course of a few years, not only to the British elector, but to the Empire at large, as to which system worked the better: Home Rule in the south, or Union in the north. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili*, and let the victor take the prize! In other words, if Home Rule proves the failure which most of us anticipate, let the three southern provinces voluntarily return within the Union which they now despise, or if, as we must all desire, Home Rule were to prove an astonishing success, then let Ulster petition to be included within the magic circle of such prosperous content.

The leaders of the Unionist Party have failed to rise to the occasion; all that they have done has been to demand a general election, thereby seeking to throw the responsibility on to the shoulders of the electors, and to intimate their readiness to consider any proposal made by the Government for altering the Government's own Bill—a somewhat curious attitude to be taken up by the Opposition, whose chief duty is to initiate criticism and put forward definite alternatives to the policy of the Government. This primary duty the leaders of the Unionist Party have failed to fulfil, and such a studied evasion of responsibility is highly regrettable, while your own suggestion as to a Referendum seems to me to be equally unfortunate. In all human probability an election would only emphasise and accentuate the existing stalemate; and, whichever way the electors might decide, the last state of the Irish controversy could only be worse than the first. If the present Government were to retain a majority of any kind they would claim the verdict of the polls, and the men of Ulster would sustain their solemn covenant to the bitter end, and the reign of bâtons, bayonets, and bloodshed would begin. If, on the other hand, the Unionists were to secure a majority over all other parties combined, the Nationalists, in their disappointment, might well set the southern pro-

vinces ablaze, with consequences which none but a Cassandra or a Jeremiah could forecast.

If the policy of the exclusion of Ulster were to be adopted by both parties, then the present Home Rule Bill might with advantage be modified as follows:—

Let two Provincial Councils, with limited legislative and large administrative powers be established in the three southern provinces and Ulster respectively.

Let them be constituted from the Members of Parliament proposed under the present Bill, together with an equal number of representatives nominated by the County Councils within the area of their government; such an intermixture of public service and local experience could but prove fruitful for all the best interests of local government; and the inevitable friction between two Parliaments—one Imperial and the other National—would disappear, not only in name, but, what is much more important, in actual fact.

These Provincial Councils might very well meet in session during the winter months of October, November, and December, while the Imperial Parliament would summon its members in the months of January, February, and March, with an extension, if necessary, through April, May, and June.

If this system of devolution worked satisfactorily so far as Ireland was concerned, it might in due course be extended to England, Scotland, and Wales.

Never was there a more splendid opportunity for uniting all parties in the common cause of conciliation, but, unless this agreement is quickly come to, it will be too late.

Yours faithfully,

ARNOLD F. HILLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Westcliff Lodge, Bournemouth, W.,

26 November 1913.

SIR,—Mr. Birrell, in his speech last night at Bristol, spoke as if the Home Rule Bill now before the country was the only possible one to satisfy Ireland, and, with this idea firmly fixed in his mind, proceeded to inform his hearers that his Government are anxious and willing to consider any reasonable programme that might mitigate and obviate the objections of Ulster.

But this present Bill—bad in principle and worse in its financial clauses—will never be carried by consent. Mr. Birrell's argument that fully four-fifths of Ireland are in favour of it is a fallacious one. The great bulk of the present Irish peasant proprietors who have become owners of their land under the Land Acts are quite content to-day, the object for which they wanted Home Rule—viz., the acquisition of their farms—being now an accomplished fact; they fear what Home Rule may bring them, while the so-called demand of the Irish people for an Irish Parliament and executive responsible to it is simply the dictum of Irish agitators who have lived and will continue to live by it.

Mr. Birrell remarks, further, that the Government Bill alone holds the field—which is also not a fact. Probably all Unionists are agreed that some larger scheme of self-government might be granted to Ireland with advantage—some scheme which might later on be extended, if thought desirable, to other parts of the United Kingdom; a scheme which, while it enabled Ireland to manage her own local affairs in the fullest sense of the word, would also save valuable time in the Imperial Parliament, but which would not necessarily entail a separate Parliament, separate Post Office, and—perhaps later on—a tariff against England.

The answer to Mr. Birrell is that the Bill of his Government does not hold the field; nor is it the only possible one to satisfy Ireland. Mr. Austen Chamberlain has recently foreshadowed a scheme perfectly safe for the Empire, and one also that should perfectly well satisfy the whole of Ireland—though it might not the professional agitators, who, whatever happens, are sure to be always with us. There is, then, an alternative scheme to the Government's Bill, which it is plain now can never gain universal consent and can only end in rioting and civil war.

If, therefore, the Government are only able to carry their scheme at the cost of bloodshed in Ireland, their only honourable and statesmanlike course is to appeal to the country on their Bill, and, if defeated, the alternative and safer scheme can be tried first.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

DUDLEY S. A. CODY.

ACRES AND MEN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wetheringsett Manor, Stowmarket, Suffolk,

11 November 1913.

SIR,—Although the story told by Mr. Maclean in your issue of the 8th inst. of the labourer coming from the "Black Swan" is written in a somewhat light vein, it is rather sad to contemplate that such is the case in many villages. It rather points to the fact that the Church in the villages, generally speaking, has failed in its vocation, seeing that the mass of the inhabitants are agricultural labourers. The churches, whose worshippers are only the better classes, do not appeal to the working man in the villages.

Men would be quite satisfied to stay on the land if it could be hired on reasonable terms with decent cottages. In this part of the country where wages are 14s. a week, labourers have to pay for charity land 32s. an acre, whereas the farmer can hire at £1. There is no doubt the rates, taxes, and tithe account in some respect for this high figure. I see at a meeting of the Farmers' Club a prominent agriculturist and Conservative said that where tithe was highest wages were lowest. Being a recent buyer of property, and having become a tithe payer, I consider that the tithe is a great liability or tax which is not applied to the best advantage of the people or the State.

To say that the cottages are not what they should be is putting it very mildly. I often think that if the original donors to the Church could but see the wretched squalor of the cottages, the sickness of the women and children, they would be agreeable to a readjustment of their legacies, leaving the present generation of churchgoers to find the means for paying their own pastors as do the Dissenters. This would be a great relief to the land and a considerable help to the labourer, who, after all, is the producer of what keeps us alive, and should therefore be a first charge upon it.

There may be an occasional case of the kindly squire being driven out from the Parish Council, but generally speaking it has been his own fault, and now that the vote is in the hands of the democracy it is only natural the men should support those who look after their own interests to the best advantage. The Church do not appear to have put themselves forward much in this respect, and it would not surprise me to find the tables turned on the clergy as it was on the "kindly squire", and at no great distant date.

I do not agree with Mr. Maclean that the smaller owner is worse than the owner of broad acres. In many cases the latter live away from their estates, and merely put in agents, and therefore take no interest in the life of the village and welfare of its people. Moreover, it would be a great advantage to the State and the people if these broad acres could be split up into small holdings of, say, 10 to 50 acres, where a man could keep both himself and family without seeking other countries, and when we think that 1,000,000 men have emigrated in five years it is a serious matter for us to contemplate.

I have never heard a tenant or labourer express a wish to buy his land for choice, if he could get it at a reasonable rent, employing the margin of his capital in his business.

If ownership had been so desirable why was not advantage taken of it under the Jesse Collings Act? The increase of applications under the present Government has been enormous, and will be considerably more so when the land can be obtained at a fair reasonable rate.

Yours faithfully,
H. T. MORGAN.

[Mr. Morgan would seem to be a very "recent buyer of property"!—ED. "S. R."]

LIFE-SAVING MEANS AT SEA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

New York.

SIR,—Apropos of your remarks on the loss of the "Volturno", perhaps you will allow one who has travelled in the four continents of the globe to repeat two suggestions which I made last year while evidence was being adduced before Lord Mersey's Court of Inquiry into the fate of the liner "Titanic". The fact that my suggestions were sent from San Francisco to a London paper may account for their not having appeared in print. They related to the lowering of boats from the side of a vessel, and to the use of the searchlight; and in both cases they seem to have been amply vindicated in the testimony furnished by the survivors of the "Volturno".

Taking for granted that the state of the weather on the

night of April 15-16 last year was exceptionally calm, and therefore an ideal one for the saving of life, although even on that occasion one at least of the boats buckled and threw its occupants into the water, I suggested that it would be a decided advantage to build a boat of nearly circular form of such materials as cane, bamboo, and rubber sufficient to hold ten or twelve adults, and steered or kept afloat in a more or less stationary situation by means of short oars or paddles; each boat also to be furnished with a certain amount of biscuits and fresh water. An experience I once met with at East London, South Africa, when rejoining my steamer caused me to advocate this type of boat. The sea at East London is generally rough outside the bar, and I and my fellow passengers on that occasion had to be hoisted from the launch on board in baskets, two or three of us being in each basket. I notice that many of the "Volturno's" passengers were lowered into the rescue boats by this means. If therefore lifeboats of the kind I have in view were carried by steamers in sufficient numbers to accommodate every living soul they could be stowed away in easily accessible parts of the "tween" decks far more readily than the awkward type of craft now in use; while in addition a few of the latter would be used for ordinary port requirements, and when the sea was not boisterous. Now that wireless telegraphy can be relied on to bring effective help within a few hours in most nautical areas all that is wanted is to keep the living freight of a vessel afloat and unfamished till the means of rescue is at hand. Anyone who has been aboard a vessel of the "Aquitania" or "Olympic", or even the "Carmania" or "Celtic" class, and has peeped over the bulwark will at once realise how difficult a task it must be to drop a longitudinal lifeboat from davits into the sea without spilling the occupants, or having it dashed to pieces against the side of the vessel. No wonder the "Carmania", as reported, being the largest of the rescuing fleet, was able to save only one of the "Volturno's" crew!

Now as to the searchlight. It is needless to say that for large vessels at any rate its use has been fully demonstrated by the "Carmania". Had the "Titanic" possessed this appliance it could have raked the whole radius of the ocean to discover if any of the numerous bergs in the vicinity—some of which were described as growlers—could have been approached by boat with the object of landing people in a body. I myself have seen growlers that could have carried 2,000 persons and a ship's entire cargo if need be. I remember some years ago while on board the "Alaska" getting into a fog suddenly. The captain on this occasion fortunately slowed his speed at once. Half an hour later the fog lifted, only to reveal the close proximity of an archipelago of some six or seven icebergs, all growlers. One, indeed, was so near that some of us humorously proposed to swim for it if the vessel struck, it being nothing but a floating island of hard ice coated with dry snow. However, no collision occurred, and in three days time we found ourselves safe in New York Bay, only to be told that our record had been beaten by our Cunard rival by a few hours.

I am, yours etc.,
MASTER WALTER.

JUVENAL AT A CABINET.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Quoting from memory lines I had not seen for many years past, I find a slight error. The exact lines are as follows:—

"Si te

Non moveant super hoc assignatae rationes
Per quas Ottoni Fredericus substituatur,
Sic volo, sic fiat, sit pro ratione voluntas".

The "fiat" is emphatic and gives more point than "jubeo".

Yours, etc.,
E. W. URQUHART.

THE HUNTING PARSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C.,

24 November 1913.

SIR,—It is a common complaint amongst the workers for the better treatment of animals that they receive so little help from the Church, but many of us must have been very unpleasantly astonished that one of the heads of the Church

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should openly advocate blood-sports from the pulpit as the Archbishop of York did last week.

He is reported to have said that "there might be some who found it difficult to understand how there could be a close connection between hunting and the life of a Christian man, still more of a Christian clergyman". Certainly there are some, and may we hope a good many, who do so. One hardly knows what Christianity stands for nowadays, but it certainly is difficult to imagine the Founder of the religion preaching in favour of cruel sports, or cheering on the hounds, or chasing otters up and down stream for hours for amusement, or joining in a pheasant massacre in a warm corner, or doing any other of the characteristic acts of the Christian gentlemen whom his Grace seems to admire and seeks to defend. Are the members of the Church, which is supposed to stand for universal love, content to accept their Archbishop's interpretation of its teachings, or may we hope that some strong united protest will be made against it?

* Yours faithfully,

ERNEST BELL,

Editor, "The Animals' Friend".

[We greatly distrust talk about "blood-sports". It looks like an attempt to make a habit or pursuit seem odious by giving it some horrible or disgusting nickname. It is as if vegetarians, for example, were to speak of the food of meat-eaters as a "blood-diet". Similarly, a man who wore wooden shoon or went bare-footed might speak or write of the boots of his opponents as "blood-boots". It is a question, moreover, whether people who enjoy a "blood-diet", or wear for their comfort "blood-boots", are safe in inveighing too much against "blood-sports".—ED., "S. R."]

"IN SHINING ARMOUR."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

51, Grange Park, Ealing, W.

SIR,—In an article in THE SATURDAY REVIEW of 22nd inst. by Mr. James Stephens, called "In Shining Armour", he makes the following statement:—

"About three years ago it was the custom in Ireland that if a policeman failed to show a certain tally of prisoners per month he was liable to be discharged from his employment. They did not, like the Israelites of old, plead an inability to make bricks without straw; no policeman was ever discharged for lack of prisoners; they made themselves the crimes which they subsequently punished, and they extracted a very decent and interesting livelihood from their own sins."

Will Mr. Stephens be good enough to give his authority for the foregoing?

Yours faithfully,

H. TURNER,

Late Resident Magistrate in Ireland.

CONDÉR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

8 Chester Terrace, Regent's Park,

8 November 1913.

SIR,—Your reviewer of my book on Charles Conder remarks that I credit his art with no greater qualities than colour and poetry. He cannot have read the book very carefully, for I certainly praise Conder's art for other pictorial virtues, and point this out in several places; even in the preface, I mention his vast and astonishing power of invention and the versatility of his design, and his genius for decoration in the highest sense of the word. Surely your reviewer must have overlooked the fact that I recognise (on page 55) his feeling for silhouette and spacing, and I certainly do not minimise the nobility of his style in his fan-painting and the exquisite delicacy of his earlier land and seascapes.

I greatly regret it was not possible to obtain more examples of the latter for reproduction, but they are becoming scattered in America, Australia, and elsewhere. Certain beautiful nocturnes, too, like his portrait of Beardsley, seem to have utterly and mysteriously disappeared.

Your reviewer also seems to overlook the fact that one of his finest oil-paintings, "The Green Apple", will eventually, thanks to the Contemporary Art Society, and the

generosity of Mr. Dalhousie-Young, find a permanent home in the Tate Gallery, if it is not there already.

Charles Conder has now been dead nearly five years, and it is a thousand pities that no comprehensive exhibition of his work has ever been held; surely the time has come to bring together a carefully selected show of his paintings, his fan-designs, drawings on silk, and lithographs, which would undoubtedly prove what a rare and fine artist he was.

Yours faithfully,

FRANK GIBSON.

THE COPYRIGHT OF "PARSIFAL".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

160 New Bond Street, W.

SIR,—One of the most momentous events in the history of art is about to come to pass. Wagner's "Parsifal", hitherto confined for thirty years to its original home in Bayreuth, is to be given broadcast to the world. The copyright has expired, and any impresario can and will produce it on the stage. Frau Cosima Wagner has failed, in the German Law Courts, to secure an extension of her rights, and this pearl of pearls, this work so difficult to produce at any theatre in a proper manner and with the pulse which animates it in Bayreuth, is now in the hands of every theatrical manager in the civilised world. To an old Wagnerian like myself, who has witnessed it twenty-one times in Bayreuth, the prospect forms one of the most painful incidents in my life. One reason for my apprehension is that Wagner's last work is so saturated with early Christian faith and symbology that it may not be understood by those who are not intimately acquainted with it, and who witness it for the first time at what, in all probability, will be a more or less hastily prepared performance. It must be remembered that in the old days, at any rate, the stage-directors in Bayreuth thought nothing of a hundred rehearsals before the first public performance! What other existing theatre is going to do this? In Wagner's will there is a clause imploring his heirs and posterity at large to keep this work pure and undefiled in its sanctuary, but now the law steps in, and the passionate desire of one of the greatest of all masters is to be ignored. Has genius then no spiritual, as opposed to legal, rights?

A stage-work which visualises the Celebration of the Sacrament (for the "Liebes-Mahl" is practically the Last Supper) and the incident of the Magdalen washing the feet of her Lord and drying them with the hair of her head will inevitably wound the susceptibilities of thousands of Christians who are not artists, unless the work is produced with the deeply vibrating feeling which obtains at Bayreuth. There, in spite of occasional shortcomings, a wonderful nimbus hovers over the performance. The "Parsifal" with a visible orchestra is an unthinkable thing! That being so, are we to suppose that all modern opera houses are to undergo structural alterations? The high and intense emotions which have been aroused within tens of thousands of pilgrims to the Bavarian town are not likely to be rekindled at Covent Garden or the Berlin Opera House unless the altogether exceptional or almost impossible is realised.

I have no desire to prejudge this matter, but having tried ineffectually about ten years ago to prevent the performance of this work in America, I attended the first representation in New York, when nearly all my worst fears were confirmed. Regarded externally, this performance was excellent, the services of several of the best German singers were secured, and the mise-en-scène was remarkably good (the scene in Klingsor's magic garden was, from the more modern point of view, better than in Bayreuth,) but the inner soul, the vivifying flame which burns there, was quite absent. To anyone to whom the "Parsifal" constitutes one of the most profound experiences in life, the New York representation was nothing but a farce and a travesty.

I am fully aware of the arguments on the other side. People ask, not unreasonably, why, if this work is as great as enthusiasts affirm it to be, should it be confined to a little German town difficult of access? If it is one of the wonders of the nineteenth century why should it not be given to the world? My answer is: The idle world is not ready to receive it. The Passion Play at the Palladium would be no more out of place.

It is not, of course, inherently impossible to attain to the Bayreuth level, but inasmuch as "miracles do not happen" and as history records the fact that no great art-movement ever repeats itself, I view the future with the gravest anxiety.

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES DOWDESWELL.

REVIEWS.

BROWNING'S WOMEN.

"Browning's Heroines." By Ethel Colburn Mayne. Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.

THE quality of a critic, more especially a critic who is writing of the works of genius, may usually be reckoned in quotations—their number and their quality, the way they are introduced, lingered upon, emphasised and repeated. Opening this book of heroines, we at once feel that the right kind of criticism is here. Lovely and significant lines and stanzas sound in every page echoes of old reading—echoes reinforced rather than thwarted by the author's comment, enthusiastic and wise. This is the most excellent book of commentary upon Browning we have seen since Mr. G. K. Chesterton wrote upon this poet the best book of his life. The author answers the call of genius with a clear note of her own. Her sincerity and precious ability to hear and to be moved by the poet's lovely appeal kindles many passages of this book into eloquence. Her theme is Browning's woman—how Browning has thought and written of her as simple girl, as great lady, as radiant and victorious, as humble in eclipse, as happy in love and as unhappy, as lover and as wife. How many breathing creatures do these bold categories call up—Pippa and Pompilia, Balaustion, the last Duchess, the wife of James Lee—the list goes interminably forward, till we must think of Meredith or Thomas Hardy, or of Shakespeare himself, before we can by a single name start so many spirits into life.

The author of this book is a feminist, and she does not hesitate to claim that Browning, also, was a feminist. If we have a fault to find with this book, it is just this introduction of a foolish label, equally unjust to the author herself and to her subject. Browning was a feminist only in the sense that every man of genius, and every man who is not Sir Wiloughby Paterne, is a feminist. That women, apart from their sex, have mind and power—that they are sacredly individual—every man of genius and every man worthy of respect feels and knows. If we must label Browning feminist we must put upon every man of genius and honour this hateful term—a term that has come to be associated with the desecration of all that Browning has sung in Pompilia—yes, and in Balaustion too. We do not see Balaustion as Mrs. Pankhurst in the time of Sunpedes. Perhaps the author of this book does not intend us to do so. Then why does she talk of feminism? Moreover, why does she allow herself to be directed by this unhappy word seemingly to be pulled awry in her estimate of some of Browning's work? We do not think she actually is pulled awry. We feel she would never have liked Browning's Mildred Tresham even though she had never heard of "feminism". But the author is unjust to herself when she expounds in the language of a social attitude, criticism which is really determined by imagination. We mention the point, in this book a point rather of manner than of matter, because we feel that many readers, looking into these pages, would be immediately out of humour when they found it claimed that Browning was a "feminist"—a feminist, too, who would talk to-day of the "male" and his egotism in the vein of the W.S.P.U.

It will illustrate more clearly what we mean if we take the beautiful stanza of "Evelyn Hope", together with our author's comment. Here are Browning's lines:—

"Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had not heard my name;
It was not her time to love; beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir"

And here is the author's comment:—

"People had perceived—dimly enough, but with eyes which have since grown clearer-sighted—that there is a stage in woman's development which ought to be her own to enjoy, as a man enjoys his ado-

lescence. This dawning sense is explicit in the earlier verses of one of Browning's most original utterances, 'Evelyn Hope'. . . . Here recognition of the girl's individuality is complete. Not a word in the stanza hints at Evelyn's possible love for another man. 'It was not her time'; there were quite different joys in life for her. . . . Such a view is still something of a novelty."

This passage shows quite clearly the nature and effect of our author's bias. Her comment is true so long as she cares only to interpret the beauty and meaning of the quoted passage. But when she makes Browning's "feminism" the motive of this lovely appreciation of a maiden, untouched as yet by sex—claims also that his "view" is a "social novelty"—she falls from her estate as a perceptive critic to the estate of suffrage oration. This is the more pitiful as in every other line of her book the perceptive critic is manifest and triumphant.

A NOBLE HOLBEIN.

"Hans Holbein the Younger." By Arthur B. Chamberlain. 252 illustrations. 2 vols. George Allen. £3 3s. net.

IN these fine volumes Mr. Chamberlain brings together all that is known of Holbein's life, drawing upon the latest works of other writers, and himself searching among contemporary documents. Furthermore, he has described in them every known picture by the master, including Mr. Butterly's astonishing trouvaille of last winter. Thus this entirely workmanlike and practical study seems to give one everything, short of a complete series of reproductions, that the student and the expert need. We do not pretend that we have diligently tested and verified every contention and conclusion in these volumes; but as an instance of Mr. Chamberlain's remarkable gift for research and historical construction we would cite his chapter on Holbein's visit to "High Burgony" made in company of Hoby, the agent of Cromwell, in order to get portraits of Renée of Guise, third daughter of the Duke, and of her cousin Anne of Lorraine. Mr. Chamberlain, we believe, has here revealed a new passage in Henry VIII.'s matrimonial intrigues and reasonably explained in a new light Holbein's hitherto obscure movements in 1538.

Another instance of careful research and construction is Mr. Chamberlain's account of the native and foreign painters whom Holbein found on his arrival in London in 1526. It seems to us as complete a compilation as possible, and most valuable for any later work upon this period. With the same thoroughness the residue of portraiture that Holbein left in England at his death is put in order, so that what we know of the Stretes, the Gerlach Flicks (we note as a small point that Mr. Chamberlain omits the fine portrait of "Adelmar" at Rousham, assigned to Fliccius by Mr. Cust), the Bettess and Eeuwouts is clearly stated. The appendix is admirably arranged and contains additions to the text, supplemental treatment of special questions, such as the famous More Family Group, and lists. To the student, lists of pictures often make one of the most necessary features; Mr. Chamberlain gives all the known paintings in public and private collections, with dates and cross-references to his text; all the pictures by or assigned to Holbein, and of his school, exhibited in England since 1846, and a list of all pictures given to the master by Waagen. If we suggest that in one or two particulars the great value of these lists might have been enhanced, it is in no peevish spirit; Mr. Chamberlain's patent incapacity for shirking pains makes such a spirit stings. We would therefore suggest that if Waagen's references could have been annotated, as to the present whereabouts and status of the pictures, and if Mr. Chamberlain could have made it possible to include the pictures exhibited between 1846 and 1912 in his index, he would have put posterity yet more deeply in his debt. With one more suggestion we return to the unusual merits of this

work—a chronological list of all the pictures, cross-indexed, would have rounded off its excellence.

A piece of work of this calm thoroughness can never be superseded; even if, as is unlikely, much more should be learnt concerning Holbein, there can be very little if any of this present book that would be displaced. Though its author stresses his intention of providing a complete biography, we must not think that his critical estimate of Holbein's art is not always reasonable and perceptive. His summing up of Holbein's qualities is a good instance. To carry through a work of this magnitude and diversity with such completeness is enviable. The form and setting of the book are good; the half-tone illustrations are clear and well chosen, and some of those in colour relatively agreeable.

"THRALE'S GREY WIDOW."

"The Intimate Letters of Hester Piozzi and Penelope Pennington, 1788-1821." Edited by Oswald G. Knapp. With 30 Illustrations. Lane. 16s. net.

"See Thrale's grey widow with a satchel roam
And bring with pomp laborious nothings home."

SO wrote Gifford about a lady who certainly had the itch of bookmaking, but was none the less a witty, courageous woman, with more vital energy than would furnish out a dozen cantankerous reviewers. "Grey" perhaps she was when she married for the second time, at forty, to please herself; but she and her Piozzi knew their own minds and knocked a deal of fun out of life in the five-and-twenty years they spent together in spite of gout and greyness. Afterwards in the last lap of her long existence the indomitable creature fell vehemently (though quite maternally) in love with a handsome young actor, Conway, who seems to have requited her devotion; and no wonder, for she was extremely good company, and her attitude towards the other sex is indicated by the fact that she habitually spoke of both her husbands by the title "my dear master". Yet she was never a "man's woman". The letters which make up this book are the record of a very strong friendship with Mrs. Pennington, maintained chiefly through correspondence over a long period, and, what is more remarkable, resumed after a quarrel which separated the friends for many years. In it, after a century, she comes alive for us, bringing with her the atmosphere of the most exciting time that Europe has ever known.

The French, of course, were at the bottom of everything; their desperate goings-on were bound up with everybody's private and public hopes and fears. In March, 1793, there is jubilation. "No longer will our worthless Democrats boast the friendship of a powerful and victorious Republic. She will be tattered and torn in pieces very soon, I doubt not." Then chickens might resume their reasonable place in domestic economy instead of being seven shillings for a common fowl. But as months went on it seemed as if the French must have "gained their invulnerability by dipping in Hell's best river as Achilles did. They are a dreadful race". When it came to 1801 things were worse and worse. At Bath even the price of devotion had gone up. "Laura Chapel is raised one-third." Also, invasion was now a menace. "We must have more sense if they do land than to fight any battles at all with such troops", whose artillery had just been allowed, by God's surprising designs, to cross the St. Gothard in winter. None the less, the presence of their vast preparations on the shore was an object of interest, and in 1803 ladies living at Broadstairs habitually rowed out to sea for the purpose of looking at the "wolves over the water". Stirring times indeed that we get a glimpse of.

Plenty of sidelights are here, too, on the domestic life of Mrs. Siddons, whom this voluble lady frankly adored. She is disturbed because Siddons, unable to get paid by Sheridan at Drury Lane,

proposes to go and play at the Doncaster races. Garrick, she remembers, did the same thing, and found that he was not irreplaceable. Altogether, here is a vast deal of information to be gathered about the daily life of a most interesting period, and Mr. Knapp has done his annotation fully and competently, though not without an occasional slip, as when he says that de Blaquiére had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He had been, in truth, as Chief Secretary, the Lord Lieutenant's *âme damnée*.

Finally, Mrs. Piozzi has more than one witty thing to say to us; for instance: "Truth is always cold, perhaps from being naked". There is more force if less ingenuity in her comments on the public curiosity concerning her meeting with the Thrale daughters, who had been long estranged from her. "I told my Master it would have been best to take the little Theatre and give them the whole show at once. But this luxurious nation longs to learn what cannot be known, and see what its very light renders incapable of being clearly discerned. For when they have stared into our faces on such an occasion, how much do they find out of our hearts?"

MANGEL-WURZEL SHOOTING.

"Pheasants and Covert-Shooting." By Captain Aymer Maxwell. Black. 7s. 6d. net.

CAPTAIN MAXWELL, doing admirably for the pheasant and the coverts what he has done for the partridge and the fields, wrote at a great, if happily unconscious, disadvantage. He wrote before Bedford and Swindon had enlarged the boundaries of knowledge. He was not to know that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, claiming with a half-coaxing, half-apologetic cock of the eye, an amazing knowledge of game and its ways—gained, if we credit his stage asides, at the expense of keepers in his youth—would so soon reveal the true facts that deer forests are fit for agricultural settlements on the grand scale, with the "mine be a cot beside the hill" tenderness of a blooming countryside replacing the harsh rigours of barren rock and scanty herbage; and that pheasants are the real bar to the success of agriculture in a Free-Trade country—the sworn enemy of the mangel-wurzel. Unhappy Captain Aymer Maxwell, ignorant of the latest knowledge when he sought to explain the pheasant and the sport which it provides! Unhappy man, only to know all that a wide experience and a thorough research could teach of the pheasant and its ways! He has never surprised, with stealthy approach, the flock of pheasants at their morning meal of mangel-wurzels. His book, indeed, is scarcely worth the attention of the land-busters. They know so much better, those genial Keltic hypocrites, all about the pheasant. Incredible as it may seem, a careful and detailed list given in this book of the food of the pheasant, which extends to five main sections of staple foods, merely inserts under the heading "Bulbous Roots" "occasionally turnips". Such was the dark ignorance from which the Chancellor of the Exchequer roused us with his call to England to wake up and save the farmer and the mangel-wurzels.

In other ways it must be confessed that Captain Maxwell's volume will seem to older-fashioned sportsmen lucid, comprehensive, authoritative. He writes with that simplicity of style which makes for charm. He marshals his facts in excellent order. He knows his subject thoroughly, and he has a singularly unprejudiced mind. What he has to say on the damage to crops which can justly be laid to the pheasants' account is candid and clear, and it is well worth serious study by all who preserve or shoot—especially by those who, in the lust of record bags, are persuaded to injure the interests and to imperil the sport of others by making a given acreage carry far more pheasants than is good for it—or for themselves. In the same way his chapter on the relations between hunting and shooting, with its plea for a due sense of proportion on both sides, is a fine piece of impartial judgment, singularly free from special pleading.

Wisely and mercifully the author refrains from ultra-scientific jargon, and in his necessary chapter on the varying species of pheasants reduces the list of birds and hybrids—which the practical student ought to recognise, in theory if not necessarily in practice—to reasonable proportions, adding a healthy advice that most of the praise lavished on pet strains is superfluous, since the common hybrids of our coverts do excellently well. A happy chapter on forestry and pheasants holds the balance even and shows ways in which at least the second best of both worlds may be obtained; while the chapter on actual covert shooting is, as it should be, the best of a welcome volume. Captain Maxwell here clings tightly to the central fact—too often forgotten—that all success in managing a good rise of high birds must depend on manœuvring the birds into cover from which they may be flushed for a homeward flight. One might find minor points of disagreement here and there. But the impression left on a reviewer's mind is that this volume, with some charming illustrations by Mr. George Rankin, may well remain for some time the last word on pheasants and covert-shooting.

THE TORCH OF CARDUCCI.

"Carducci." A selection of his poems with verse translations, notes, and three introductory essays by A. N. Bickersteth. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

ENGLISH taste in foreign literature was ever eclectic; but, even so, how strange that Carducci—for most of his life a mighty influence in European letters—should have had to wait so long for his first English edition! Perhaps it is because the nineteenth century and its ideas have suddenly become very remote, though Mr. Bickersteth at least can treat of them sympathetically; but still more it is because Carducci is a difficult man to handle. He was a bundle of contradictions. Always the preacher of action, he was himself a professor and even held the same chair for nearly fifty years. Always a patriot of the third Italy, his mind was thoroughly cosmopolitan, influenced by Greeks and Latin classics, by Byron, Victor Hugo, and, above all, by the great German poets. A hater of Christianity, his verse is yet full of a most Christian enthusiasm for humanity. A hater of romanticism, he was a romantic who could not describe an Italian landscape without calling up its historical atmosphere, and who could find the modern spirit of action and progress embodied in the railway locomotive. A man of passion, who could only see one side of a question at a time, he saw all its sides in time. He was an ardent Republican after 1860, but he died a Senator of the Italian Kingdom; and though he first won fame by his *Hymn to Satan*—to him a rationalist anti-Pope—he yet wrote an ode in aid of a church restoration fund. A man of the encyclopædic learning which usually produces treatises, he wrote poetry; and, the apostle of a new movement, he revived old metres and renewed the life of old words. His secret is hard indeed to discover!

Yet Carducci's contemporaries understood him. He cared as little as Browning for popular applause, and his poems are often so allusive that only a scholar can understand them; but his fame in Italy was the fame not of a Browning but of a Tennyson. His many-sidedness gave Carducci his power. The makers of the third Italy dreamed of a new state which should be the heir of all the ages, and Carducci was the answer to their dream.

His task was to blend all that was best out of older civilisations with the ideas of the new age, and in executing it he knew how to work ideas from the Classics and the German lyrists into a poem about a railway train.

He conceived it to be his special function to fuse Classical and Teutonic mythology into a common poetic tradition. There is nothing more characteristic of him than the passage in the poem on Shelley's funeral urn, where he imagines the great legendary

figures of both peoples conversing in the isles of the blest. Achilles is there with Siegfried, Roland with Hector, Oedipus with Lear; the women, too, Cordelia and Antigone, Helen and Iseult, Clytemnestra and Lady Macbeth. The mere happy marshalling of names—the scholar's work—makes the proper effect. It is suggested that Latin and Teuton have devised kindred though differently-named conceptions of the same ideas. Those ideas are still living, it is implied, and Carducci invites the new Italy to develop a new treatment of them in the light of all the artistic achievement of the past. Thence the paradox that his patriotism is vested in cosmopolitanism. He is the one great Italian writer steeped in German literature, and is all the more Italian for it. He had read everything and could use everything he had read. He loved to recall a Horatian or Virgilian cadence, or to employ a phrase from Homer or Theocritus. He borrowed his metres from the troubadours and wrote sonnets as the successor of Dante, Petrarch, Tasso, Alfieri, and Ugo Foscolo. Above all, he was intensely alive to the history of every bit of Italian soil. It was impossible for him to think of Umbria without thinking of St. Francis and Perugino, and a dozen more. But with all this learning Carducci was no pedant. He knew what the past could give to the future. That is why he wrote poetry and why the best men of his time honoured him as the true *Vates* of the new Italy—the author of her traditions.

Let us glance at what is, perhaps, the best-known of all his poems—the sapphic ode, rendered in curious but very Carduccian English sapphics by Mr. Bickersteth, called "By the Sources of Clitumnus". Every English lover of Italy knows the scene—the most gracious in all Umbria—with its transparent pool and dainty trees, the little Temple where Christians once worshipped, the characteristic white oxen in the fields around. Carducci describes it all, and the point of his description is that his Umbria is the Umbria of the Georgics. The first seven stanzas send the reader to his Virgil to hunt out parallel passages. Then comes a complaint. There are willow trees about the spring, melancholy trees, quite out of keeping with the poet's idea of it. Italian nature should be the setting of Italian history. There should be oaks and cypresses, emblems of strength and noble memories. To justify this idea Carducci runs through Umbrian history—the Etrurian Kingdom, the Roman conquest, the victorious march of Hannibal after Trasimene. Then, by quick transition, comes a sketch of the serene beauties of the place to-day, leading up to the doctrine that it is in her own woods and hills and streams that the new Italy should seek inspiration for her poetry. Why has this inspiration failed? Because, he insists, the curse of an ascetic monasticism has swept over the land. But now that a more human spirit rules by Tiber's banks, Italy can again become the mother of men that Virgil proclaimed her, and through the mountains and thickets and streams of green Umbria rushes the herald of new activities—the railway engine. That final touch—Virgil and the locomotive in successive stanzas—is most Carduccian, and contemporaries felt that by odes like these the poet was giving the third Italy her soul. So he was. It is a long way from Cavour to Giolitti, from the Expedition of the Thousand to the expedition to Tripoli, but modern Italy feels the progress as a continuous development, and Carducci is the key to her thought.

Put into prose, Carducci's habit of combining incongruities raises a smile. Carducci's verse raises no smile; even the foreign reader can feel that his touch is sure. This is because he took immense pains over form. He had ideas of his own about it. As Horace took the metres of the Greek lyric poets and made them express the ideas of Imperial Rome, Carducci took the Horatian metres and made them express the ideas of the new Italy. Here, again, the reader feels that for any man but Carducci—poet and scholar in one—the attempt would have been ridiculous. But Carducci combined metrical knowledge with a perfect ear. Mr. Bickersteth, who is learned in these matters,

has worked out the subject in an essay whose painstaking research would have delighted Carducci himself. The ordinary reader need only note that the odes have the sound of modern Italian. Be the metres new or old, they are right, as Swinburne's metres are right. But it is a great boon to Italian literature that Carducci should have given his successors metrical forms which submit themselves to rule. Form is the Circe that brutalises Italian poets. Just as English poetry, whose inspiration is often ethical, easily degenerates into the goody-goody, so Italian poetry, whose inspiration is largely aesthetic, easily degenerates into the pretty-pretty. Carducci is never pretty-pretty, and, besides setting a good example himself, he shows later men how prettiness may be avoided. Let them only keep the great models before their minds, and by sympathetic use of them they can write good modern poetry. It is because Carducci is at once traditional and original that he gives a message. To ask whether there is or is not a Carduccian school in Italy were quite superfluous. The truth is, all future Italian poets will be Carduccians. For Carducci has again quickened Italian artistic inspiration.

His is a new torch whose flames have been kindled from torches that the purblind thought extinguished. The flame will burn throughout the centuries, much as Dante's flame has burnt and for the same reasons. Carducci is, indeed, no Dante; but, like Dante, he has started a poetic risorgimento.

THE GREAT TARSIAN.

"The Teaching of Paul in Terms of the Present Day."

By Sir W. Ramsay. Hodder and Stoughton. 12s.

"Rome, St. Paul, and the Early Church." By W. S. Muntz, D.D. Murray. 5s.

"S. Paul and his Companions." By E. Basil Redlich, M.A. Macmillan. 5s.

THE Apostle of the Gentiles has been regarded in turn as the mainstay of Protestantism and the inventor of Catholicism, as a solifidian, almost antinomian, preacher of evangelic truth, and as the man who sophisticated the simple Galilean teaching with mystical dogma and sacramentalism—above all with the doctrine of the authoritative Church. Loisy maintains that what the Judaistic persecutor Saul was converted to on the Damascus road was the Asiatic Mysteries, and that he afterwards transformed the message of Jesus of Galilee into a religion of mystery. Sir William Ramsay argues, on the other hand, that St. Paul "uncompromisingly condemned all attempt to adulterate Christ's Gospel by intermingling with its ideas or forms or rites derived from the Mysteries". Without necessarily accepting Sir William's exegesis of the strange passage at Colossians ii. 18, we feel sure that he is right. Still, Christianity is for St. Paul initiation into a highly mysterious system of rite and doctrine. And the attempt to get behind his writings to a simpler, easier, undenominational and non-doctrinal Gospel shipwrecks on the facts, insisted on by recent scholarship, that the Epistles are earlier in date than the Gospels, that the Evangelists came to their task steeped in a Pauline atmosphere, and that the threefold Synoptist record really exhibits "the Way" in the same light as the Epistles do. St. John again completes the picture adumbrated by St. Paul. If a non-theological Jesus or a non-ecclesiastical discipleship ever existed, no vestige of knowledge of either has come down to us.

Weiss considers St. Paul's conversion to have been the final culmination of a slow inward process of conviction. Professor Ramsay utterly dissents. "He stood over against God, and he was struck down by God and grasped by Jesus. If we give up that, what are we to accept from Paul about his own past life?" Nor did the Apostle's teaching and system develop as years went by. "His religious thought is really as complete in the first Epistle as in the last", though he adapted his exposition to the special needs and comprehension of his pupils, having, for example, to create

in pagans elementary religious notions (such as sin) which Israelites already possessed. His stern attitude towards idolatry did not spring from experience of his own countrymen, who had been purged of it by centuries of suffering.

Professor Ramsay does not mean, however, that St. Paul's intellectual standpoint had no provenance and learned nothing from without. Though not indebted to the Greeks for religious stimulus or method, he owed much to them. Himself a Hebrew of the Hebrews, a patriotic member of "the most highly educated people in the world, in the true meaning of education", he was born and bred in a Graeco-Roman community, in the one city adapted by its equipoise between the Asiatic and the Occidental spirit to mould the character of the man who was the chosen instrument of Providence to evangelise the Gentiles, and to make of the Mediterranean a great Christian sea. At Tarsus the young Pharisee was brought up among the cultured local aristocracy as a burgess and a Roman citizen. Deissman has started an astonishing theory that St. Paul was an uneducated letter-writer, who had a certain aptness in picking up scraps of philosophy and current tags of poetry—an obscure provincial though a great religious genius. But the apostle described by St. Luke is a mighty master of thought and language, who has "turned the world upside down", dominating all by his personality, originating storm and revolution wherever he goes, fiery and imperious, yet grandly humble; a polished and courteous gentleman, moving at his ease in every class of society, whether among philosophers and rhetoricians or before rulers and kings, the friend of the Asiarchs, and one from whom a wealthy Roman procurator, mated with a queen, hopes to receive a bribe. As Sir William Ramsay says, the reader can judge for himself.

Dr. Muntz's book traces the influence of Roman rather than of Hellenic conceptions upon Pauline language. In the "fullness of time" the converging lines of ethnic preparation for the Gospel met; political obstacles to its world-wide diffusion had vanished; barriers were overthrown; peace existed everywhere; travelling was safe; communication easy. So that, as Renan says, every province conquered by Rome was conquered for Christianity. He pictures the difficulties that must have confronted the heralds of the Cross if Asia Minor, Greece and Italy had been broken up into a hundred petty republics. There had also been a moral preparation. The unified everywhere-extended Empire nursed mankind for the Catholic Church, and made all hearts ready for its universal claim. The Stoic vision of citizenship of the world and of all mankind as a single brotherhood had been attempted to be realised by Alexander, and the ideal was before men's imaginations. The very corruption of morals had disillusioned philosophy as to its power to save mankind. But throughout the Aegean lands a worn-out world was seeking "salvation"—votive stelæ inscribed *προσκυνήσεις* are very common. It is true that the new Caesar-worship confronted Christianity, and strove to crush it. Yet this, too, says Ramsay, by co-ordinating all the local and scattered cults under a single hierarchic head, prepared the way for the Church. The debt of the Pauline teaching, or rather of its mode of expression, to the technicalities of Roman law is well set forth by Dr. Muntz. In days when every man was his own lawyer, the legal aspects of adoption and heirship, of *patria potestas*, of wardship and testament-making, would be familiar to St. Paul's readers. Some in our time have complained of the forensic mould in which sonship of God, justification and atonement, liability for sin and moral obligation, are couched in the Epistles. And St. Augustine followed in the lines of St. Paul. But the bent of the Western mind is practical and logical, as that of Easterns is theological and speculative. The Athanasian Creed (fifth century, Gaulish), for example, is really easier than the Nicene (fourth century, Asiatic).

It is an encouraging sign when real contributions to study are made by the younger clergy, and we should like to have had space to notice more fully Mr.

Redlich's investigation of St. Paul's method of working on carefully planned lines through a large staff of subordinates, many of whom were planted out by him as chief pastors of local churches, and became the founts of the monarchical episcopate which the second century finds at work almost everywhere. The Apostle was himself the ultimate and supreme authority to whom they must submit—the "social compact" conception of the Church as a great parliamentary democracy evolving its own institutions and appointing its own officials is as foreign to New Testament teaching as, Sir William Ramsay observes, are all "rights of man". But St. Paul's exercise of authority was sympathetic and not overbearing. Up to a certain date—the calling of Timothy—he seems himself to have been officially subordinate to St. Barnabas, who had "saved Saul for Christianity" and who with his usual magnanimity henceforth yielded the first place to his lieutenant. Possibly John Mark's defection was due to jealousy for his kinsman's honour and also for St. Peter's standpoint in the Gentile question. But at any rate he was afterwards profitable to St. Paul for the ministry, and died a martyr's death. Mr. Redlich also brings out the significance of the prophetic gifts of St. Paul's other great companion in travel, Silas. St. Paul, he remarks, abhorred solitude, and drew his imagery not from the scenes of Nature, but from stadium and agora and crowded street.

We cannot conceive why Mr. Redlich dismisses the Apostle's promise, in that touching letter, to repay Philemon anything he might have lost by his runaway slave as "humorous", and a scholarly book should not contain such a popular blunder as the phrase that "the Corinthians were making to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness".

NOVELS.

"*Loot*." By Horace Annesley Vachell. Murray. 1913.

IT is the day of the personal note. We are accustomed to our popular authors laying bare their bodies and souls for our inspection. We can learn from the newspapers not only the colour of their hair and eyes and what they like for breakfast, but also intimate details of their inmost hopes and aspirations. But whereas most novelists are concerned to proclaim their high mission, their intense desire to do good to their fellows and to advance the cause of virtue and godliness, Mr. Horace Vachell, in his new book, adopts a different attitude and frankly confesses that he is out for gain. This candour is not without its embarrassment and is hardly calculated, one would imagine, to enhance the enjoyment of the book by the buying public. No one likes to have it thrown in his face that he is being exploited. But Mr. Vachell will not allow the buyers of his book to remain under any pleasant illusion. Whatever this volume may earn in hard cash must be regarded, he informs us, as "loot, plunder to which some critics may contend the author has no warrantable right". The reason apparently is that the stories have appeared previously in various magazines and are not a serious contribution to literature. That there should be a genuine demand for these short stories in book form comes "as a delightful surprise" to Mr. Vachell. Really the volume requires no such apologia. It is customary for "superior" people to speak in terms of unmeasured scorn of "the potboiler". The "potboiler" may be defined as a work written frankly for gain and not under the compelling necessity of genuine inspiration. Frequently produced to order, to a specified length for a magazine, the potboiler sometimes bears on the face of it the mark of its machine-made origin. But all potboilers are not bad. Numbers of excellent stories have been produced with the primary object of keeping the pot boiling. How many of the works of Walter Scott and Charles Dickens were produced in this way!

Mr. Vachell need not be so mightily superior, nor write so slightingly of these efforts of his imagination. We are not going to say that all the stories in this book are worth book form, but some are. We like the stories of the strange happenings at Gloriani's

restaurant, and Gloriani himself, with his resemblance to Napoleon and Caruso, is a notable addition to the memorable personalities of fiction. Nearly all of Mr. Vachell's stories have a glad, gay note about them, and for this reason alone amid the mass of the morbid and the mawkish they deserve a welcome.

"*The Witness for the Defence*." By A. E. W. Mason. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

Mr. A. E. W. Mason has reversed the usual process and turned his play into a novel. And a very excellent novel it is. Possibly it will come with somewhat lessened effect to those who have seen the play; but to those who have not it will appeal as a thrilling essay in fiction. The story grips from the first page, and even the most jaded and sophisticated reader will find himself held. Mr. Mason has the art of suspense. He keeps the reader on tenterhooks, not in the aggravating fashion of some writers whose aim is annoyingly apparent on every page, but in a natural and legitimate fashion that is a tribute to his art.

The story turns upon a murder, and incidentally raises the question whether homicide is ever justifiable. Stephen Ballantyne, Resident in an Indian Principality, has married Stella, a young and beautiful girl who has cherished what appeared to be a hopeless love for a penniless barrister named Henry Thresk. Ballantyne, a coarse, drunken brute, has led her a terrible life for some years, and she has sunk into a state of almost apathetic despair when her former lover appears on the scene. On the very night of Thresk's appearance Ballantyne is murdered in circumstances which point plainly to her guilt. She is only saved from conviction by Thresk purifying himself at the trial. But he has no doubt of her guilt and, after having saved her from the clutches of the law, he disappears out of her life. She settles down in a country village in England, where, for a long time, she is completely ostracised. Finally in Captain Dick Hazlewood she finds not only a man to champion her cause, but the real love of her life. At the moment when it seems that all is well for her and that she is at last to come into safe harbourage, Thresk, now a prosperous K.C. appears once more upon the scene. He is confronted by the dilemma of exposing her or of allowing her to marry a man who believes in her innocence. We will not reveal how the situation develops, except to state that it is on unexpected and unconventional lines. Mr. Mason has produced a melodrama of a high order.

"*Marthe*", by Reginald Nye (Low, Marston, 6s.), is a highly sentimental, yet decidedly pretty, story with a little Swiss girl for heroine. One of her lovers, the supposed narrator, plays the part of the faithful friend when the other, a handsome, selfish creature, is found wanting.—"*Hands Up!*" by Frederick Niven (Secker, 6s.), contains in the person of the Apache Kid a heroic example of the "bad man" of the Far West. He is as dashing as Dick Turpin, Captain Starlight, or any of his other literary ancestors, and, apart from the practice of his business, he is a fine, honest fellow. Mr. Niven, however, scores chiefly by his judicious colour, and he at least makes us fancy that he knows his country well.—"*The Judgment of the Sword*", by Maud Diver (Constable, 6s.), is a long narrative of war in Afghanistan, in which the element of fiction is somewhat slight. As a popular version of some interesting pages of history it can be commended, and it is free from the crowd of artificial characters which have cumbered much of her earlier work.—"*The Painted Lady*", by Arabella Kenney (Stanley Paul, 6s.), fails to attract us either as a story or a comedy of manners. The alleged mystery of the plot will entangle none but the most simple minded of readers, and the "high society" atmosphere is altogether too sickly.—"*Up Above*", by John N. Raphael (Hutchinson, 6s.), is somewhat reminiscent of Mr. Wells's "*War of the Worlds*". It tells how an invisible people from the upper air invaded our earth, and of what befell the captives they made.—"*Mayfair, Limited*", by Edward O'Sullivan (Melrose, 6s.), makes fun of the social climbers, and even dares to make light of the heights to which they strive. It is all amusing and good humoured, and contains a certain quantity of human interest.—"*Jeffrey Marden, Surgeon*", by E. N. Blamey (Everett, 6s.), makes a lengthy book, but it starts with an interesting problem, and goes on with a sufficiency of adventure in South Africa.—"*The Perfect Wife*", by Joseph Keating (Heinemann, 6s.), suffers from an acute attack of cleverness, but the leading female character nearly redeems it by her stupidity.

THE LATEST BOOKS.

"Umbria Past and Present." By Mary Lovett Cameron. Sidgwick and Jackson. 6s. net.

In all the books that come from Adam Street, one notes—increasingly—the same signs, the sure hall-marks of quiet, excellent work and true, modest taste in the producers. Here are volumes that will last, and will, like some good wines, improve in the keeping. The Adam Street reprints of English classics, for example, can be set in the bookshelf alongside one's old favourites, such as John Sharpe's (*Stanhope Press*), Pickering's, Templeman's, John Murray, Bell and Daldy, without intruding on their elders. This is because sterling work and loving pains have gone to their production. With books by living authors, it is much the same, and this book of Mrs. Cameron's is a capital example. It is a sound book in all ways—never showy or meretricious. The simple binding of brown with a little gold, the neat, compact title page please us. The letterpress pleases us; it is sincere and informing, and should go in Spring with the happy traveller who sets forth to Umbria—but not too early in the Spring, for those lovely little Italian towns can be bitter cold.

The half-tone reproductions we do not care for. They are not worthy of the book—though, for the matter of that, half-tones are rarely worth looking at, except in the work turned out by "Country Life". But the line illustrations, how delightful they are! We have not seen their equal in a book of this kind for quite a long time. There are 23 of these in all, from drawings by C. G. Venanzi; and they are charming. Now, here we have something like book illustration. People who want a nice book on Umbria should buy this one: they will not regret it.

"English Travellers of the Renaissance." By Clare Howard. John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.

Miss Clare Howard has produced a delightful book of travel of an age when travel was a kind of difficult but very exciting thing, and many a wealthy man aspired to be a Hakluyt or a Mandeville, ere Thomas Cook dawned on a startled world, and the Rosetta stone had not yet given the key to Egyptian wisdom into the hands of men. There are many most curious incidents and illustrations in the volume, and we learn of the voyagings and vicissitudes of the Admirable Crichton, Francis Manners, Earl of Rutland, third Baron North, the second Baron Harrington of Exton, and Sir Thomas Killigrew. There are descriptions of the famous game of tennis as played in the old-world courts of France, and of horsemanship as Antoine Pluvineau, the riding master of Louis XIII., taught it; whilst tales of ancient pilgrimages of men to the Holy Land carrying "a lyttell cawdron, a fryenge panne, dysshes, platters, cuppes of glasse . . . a fether bed, a matrasse, a pylawe, two payre sheets and a quylte", in a manner too luxurious for Crusaders, enliven the first chapter of this book.

"The True Ophelia." By An Actress. Sidgwick & Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.

We do not know, and have been unable to guess, who the actress is; and we have tried very hard to do so. When, as so rarely happens, a player can discourse reasonably and well on the art of playing, it is worth while trying to find out who this rare person is. The actress of these studies is one who has played, or studied to play, Ophelia, Lady Macbeth, Queen Gertrude, and Petruchio's Katharina. This is not much of a clue; but it is all the clue afforded. Perhaps this is not strictly true. There are other small clues—such as that this actress can write and think and come to an independent decision. Her chapter upon Queen Gertrude is excellent criticism, very forcibly suggesting (we have long suspected it) that a very illuminating and enjoyable book might be written upon Shakespeare's lesser characters. But our actress will possibly object to the term "lesser characters." Gertrude, interpreted by her, is certainly no such person. Perhaps no play has suffered more than "Hamlet" from the false perspective in which the English public always see Shakespeare's plays upon the modern picture stage; and perhaps no character has suffered more than Queen Gertrude, unless it be King Claudius. If it were not for the accident that Queen Gertrude happens in one particular scene of her dramatic career to be closeted with the Prince of Denmark, she would probably drop out of the actor-manager's cast altogether. How many playgoers, we wonder, have ever seriously asked themselves whether Queen Gertrude was privy to the murder of Hamlet's father, or have troubled to reconstruct the story of her first marriage? Has it really occurred to commentators and critics as something to be seriously allowed for that Hamlet's father is known to us only through the report of his very partial friends and admirers? We really wish Shakespeare had shown us the brothers from the point of view of the woman whose name was frailty—the woman who married the second a few days after the mysterious and sudden death of the first. All this is set forth clearly and eloquently in our actress's sketch of Queen Gertrude; and we think it will surprise many commen-

tators who think that at this time there is little fresh to be said or written about Shakespeare. Reading the chapters of this actress, we cannot help rather hoping that she is not too full of engagements just now. This book needs a successor, and we hope she will be able to find time for it.

"A Pepys of Mogul India." Niccolao Manucci. Translated by William Irvine. Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

It seems ambitious to suggest that these translated "Storia Do Mogor" of that adventurous being, Niccolao Manucci, are of the nature of Pepys' diaries. For they do not quite possess the quaint charm Pepys and Evelyn have for us, and are more like a mixture of Mungo Park's travels with the chronicles of that old-world "Turkish Spy at the Court of Paris" whose volumes of anecdote and espionage circulated through the libraries of England up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Nicolas Manucci was not a doughty, prejudiced, Pickwickian citizen like Pepys; he was as one of those brilliant adventurers of the Orient in the days ere travel was such an easy and popular pastime—the kind of Don Quixote who confronts us in the earlier annals of the East India Company. Manucci ran away from Venice in 1653 at the age of fourteen, and hid himself on a vessel going to Smyrna. He had the good fortune to find a protector in the English peer, Viscount Bellingham, and went with him through Asia Minor to Persia and from Persia to India. But when his master died in 1656 near Hodal, Manucci's more remarkable experiences began, and he ended as a physician-royal whose intimacy with the courts of Persia and India lends zest to these spirited and curious entries. It gives one quite a thrill, for instance, to hear how the Shah of Persia received the English ambassador announcing the execution of King Charles I. Niccolao Manucci deserves to obtain a wide and attentive audience, for his life-story sometimes exceeds the dreams of good Haroun-al-Rashid.

"Andrew Jameson, Lord Ardwall." By John Buchan. Blackwood's. 3s. 6d.

There is a great deal of quiet fascination and humour in this little biography of a striking personality. Lord Ardwall was a Scot whom Scott and Burns would have valued highly. As Sheriff of Perth he was an arresting figure; as Lord Ardwall, the husband of a wife from Galloway, he was the perfect country gentleman of the old school. One leaves him in a wholesome atmosphere of dogs, tweeds and agricultural pursuits, for, as Mr. Buchan says, once away from his proper legal sphere, "Providence had built him for the part of a south country laird". Clad in knickerbockers, he bestrode the world like a Colossus:

"The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll make it whistle".

"The Reporters' Gallery." By Michael Macdonagh. Hodder & Stoughton. 12s. net.

Mr. Macdonagh gives the public a discreet peep behind the scenes with that unknown terrain the Reporters' Gallery of Parliament, a place which has its own valuation of statesmen, largely according to their enunciation or rapidity of speech, a centre of the Press with its own jealousies and rivalries between sketch-writers and reporters ("mechanics," as one lofty sketch-writer described the verbatim men), who will only combine to reduce the impious lobbyist to a sense of his inferior position. The public which wonders how the news gets into the papers may see here a little of the process of manufacture, if it wants to; but the book will be mainly popular among journalists. It is admirably written, shows considerable research, and shows a proper feeling that the floor of the House is an inferior place to the Gallery.

L. "Eve and Other Poems"; II. "The Bull"; III. "The Song of Honour." By Ralph Hodgson. IV. "Five New Poems." By James Stephens. At the Sign of Flying Fame. Sixpence each.

Here is another little sheaf of chap-books, garlands and broadsheets from the Sign of Flying Fame—sixpence each the chap-books if they are plain, half a crown if they are coloured. Beautiful little books they are (Mr. Lovat Fraser has seen to that), having that exact fitness between print, paper, and the thing printed which is the true mark of a beautiful book. Most of these poems—the list above has not exhausted them—are by Mr. Ralph Hodgson. Mr. Hodgson's rare quality as a poet is already known to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW. This is not now the time to insist that Mr. Hodgson is with the poets whose poetry will in another generation be received as literature. This is no more than a short note of gladness that Mr. Hodgson and his friends at the Sign of Flying Fame begin to come to their own. The first edition of "Eve and Other Poems" was, without advertisement—almost without review—sold completely in a week or so. Flying Fame, it seems, has lit here sooner than fame worth having is wont to do. There is already a

small group of those who can tell the ring of false from true who wait for these books and treasure them. It is quite fitting that sixpence should buy them, for they are above common prices of the market. Flying Fame lives now at 45 Roland Gardens, S.W., where the Secretary will forward to anyone who wishes it a full list of chap-books, garlands and broad-sheets.

"Policy and Paint." By the Author of "*A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*." Longmans. 9s.

Under this title the author narrates certain incidents in the lives of those great contemporary artists, Dudley Carleton and Peter Paul Rubens, which reveal that in a more golden age art and politics went well together. There are amusing stories of negotiations over pictures and curios between the painters and rich noblemen which would not shame a professional dealer of to-day. Many interesting people come into this history of these two brother artists and politicians—Charles I., Elizabeth of Bohemia, Sir Ralph Winwood and George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, on whom, as we learn here, King Charles, when both were little boys, once turned the garden-hose, drenching him to the skin.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ART.

A West Surrey Sketch-book (William Hyde). Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d. net.
The Art of the Italian Renaissance (Heinrich Wölfflin). Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.
The Arts and Crafts of India and Ceylon (Ananda K. Coomaraswamy). Foulis. 6s. net.

BIOGRAPHY.

My Bohemian Days in Paris (Julius M. Price). Werner Laurie. 10s. 6d. net.
Francis Thompson, The Preston-Born Poet (John Thomson). Simpkin. 3s. 6d. net.
Mid-Victorian Memories (R. E. Francillon). Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.
FICTION.

The Vision Splendid (D. K. Broster and G. W. Taylor); Loot from the Temple of Fortune (Horace Annesley Vachell). Murray. 6s. each.
A Fight for Freedom (Peter Rosegger). Dublin : Gill. 6s.
Great Days (Frank Harris). Lane. 6s.
Van Cleve (Mary S. Watts). Macmillan. 6s.

GIFT BOOKS.

Rubáiyát of Omar Kháyyám (rendered into English Verse by Edward Fitzgerald). Illustrated by Edmund J. Sullivan. Methuen. 15s. net.
The Crescent Moon (Rabindranath Tagore). Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.
Our Wonderful Prayer Book (Gertrude Hollis). S.P.C.K. 1s. 6d. net.
The Magicians of Charno (Geoffrey Williams). Murray. 6s.
The Boys' Book of Stamp Collecting (Douglas B. Armstrong). Grant Richards. 6s.
The Wild Harp : a Selection of Irish Poetry (Katharine Tynan), 7s. 6d. net; Four Plays for Children (Ethel Sidgwick), 2s. net. Sidgwick and Jackson.
Shakespeare's Stories (Constance and Mary Maud). Arnold. 5s. net.
The Boys' Prayer Book (compiled by Alex. Devine). Methuen. 1s. 6d. net.

HISTORY AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

The Early Church in the Light of the Monuments (Arthur Stapylton Barnes). Longmans. 5s. net.
The Cutlery Trades : an Historical Essay in the Economics of Small Scale Production (G. I. H. Lloyd). Longmans. 12s. 6d. net.
Roma : Ancient, Subterranean, and Modern Rome (Rev. Albert Kuhn). Part I., Washbourne. 1s. 3d. net.
Industrial Dublin Since 1698, and the Silk Industry in Dublin (J. J. Webb). Maunsell. 2s. 6d. net.
Macdonald of the Isles (A. M. W. Stirling). Murray. 12s. net.
The Greatest House at Chelsey (Randall Davies). Lane. 10s. 6d. net.
Insular Britannica : The British Isles—Their Geography, History and Antiquities Down to the Close of the Roman Period (Arthur William Whatmore). Stock. 30s. net.

LAW.

The Law Relating to the Mentally Defective (Herbert Davey). Stevens and Sons. 8s. 6d. net.

NATURAL HISTORY AND SPORT.

The Snakes of Europe (G. A. Boulenger). Methuen. 6s.
Butterflies and Moths in Romance and Reality (W. F. Kirby). S.P.C.K. 5s. net.
The Romance of the Newfoundland Caribou (A. A. Radcliffe Dugmore). Heinemann. 12s. 6d. net.
Melton and Homespun : Nature and Sport in Prose and Verse (J. M. M. B. Durham and R. J. Richardson). Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.

The Book of the Lion (Sir Alfred E. Pease, Bart.). Murray. 10s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

A History of Socialism (Thomas Kirkup). Revised and largely re-written by Edward R. Pease. Black. 5s. net.
Whigs and Whiggism : Political Writings (Benjamin Disraeli). Edited with an Introduction by William Hutchison. Murray. 12s. net.
Text-Book of Paleontology (Karl A. Von Zittel). Edited by Charles R. Eastman. Vol. I. Macmillan. 25s. net.
The Waverley Edition of the Works of Charles Dickens.—Dombey and Son (with an Introduction by Lucas Malet), 2 vols.; Edwin Drood (with an Introduction by H. A. Vachell); A Christmas Carol (with an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton); Great Expectations (with an Introduction by John Oxenham); Old Curiosity Shop; Christmas Stories; A Child's History of England; Barnaby Rudge; A Tale of Two Cities. Waverley Book Co. 2s. 6d. net each.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

A First Numerical Trigonometry (W. G. Borchardt and the Rev. A. D. Perrott). 2s. 6d. ; The Building of the British Empire (E. M. Richardson). Macmillan. 1s. 6d.
Educational Metalcraft (P. Wylie Davidson). Longmans. 4s. 6d. net.
A History of England and the British Empire (Arthur D. Innes). Vol. I. to 1485. Rivingtons. 6s. net.

THEOLOGY.

Jewish Mysticism (J. Abelson). Bell. 2s. 6d. net.
St. Paul and Christianity (Arthur C. Headlam). Murray. 5s. net.
Religious Experience and Christian Faith (Rev. Albert Way). Longmans. 6d. net.
Quests Old and New (G. R. S. Mead). Bell. 7s. 6d. net.

The Christian Faith : A System of Dogmatics (Prof. Theodore Haeckel). 2 vols. 10s. 6d. net each; Private Prayers (A. B. Macaulay). 1s. net. Hodder and Stoughton.
The Shrine and the Presence (The Right Rev. G. H. S. Walpole). Robert Scott. 2s. 6d. net.

TRAVEL.

Wanderings in the Isle of Wight (Ethel E. Hargrave). Melrose. 6s. net.
Amazing New York (Mary Macdonald Brown). Melrose. 1s. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA.

The Wine-Press : A Tale of War (Alfred Noyes). Blackwood. 4s. 6d. net.
Irishry (Joseph Campbell); Broad Sheet Ballads : Being a Collection of Irish Popular Songs (with an Introduction by Padraic Colum), 2s. 6d. net each; The Secret Hill (Ruth and Celia Duffin); The Saga of King Lir (George Sigerson), 1s. net each. Maunsell.
The Plays of W. S. Maugham.—Smith : A Comedy in Four Acts; The Tenth Man : A Tragic Comedy in Four Acts. Heinemann. 1s. 6d. each.
The Poems of Sir Thomas Wial (Edited by A. K. Foxwell). Hodder and Stoughton. 2 vols. 21s. net.
Flowers from a Poet's Garden (J. Harold Carpenter). Bell. 2s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Ancient Eugenics (Allen G. Roper). Oxford : Blackwell. 2s. 6d. net.
Book of Folk-Lore, A (Rev. S. Baring-Gould). Collins. 1s. net.
Dancing, Beauty and Games (Lady Constance Stewart Richardson). Humphreys. 10s. net.
Drama, Music-Drama, and Religion : As Illustrated by Wagner's "Ring of the Nibelung" and "Parsifal" (Ramsden Balfour). Year Book Press. 1s. 6d. net.
Influenza : Its History, Nature, Cause, and Treatment (Arthur F. Hopkirk). Walter Scott Publishing Co. 3s. 6d.
King's College Lectures on Colonial Problems (Edited by F. J. C. Hearnshaw). Bell. 4s. 6d. net.
Kitchen Garden and the Cook, The (Collected and Arranged by Cecilia Maria Pearce), 5s. net; Secondary Education in England (R. F. Cholmeley), 2s. 6d. net. Smith, Elder.
Lighter Side of English Life, The (F. Frankfort Moore). Foulis. 5s. net.
Lost Diaries (Maurice Baring). Duckworth. 3s. 6d. net.
Modern Parliamentary Eloquence (Earl Curzon of Kedleston). Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.
Myths and Parables adapted from Plato (Laura Stubbs). Moring. 2s. 6d. net.
Primitive Family as an Educational Agency, The (Arthur James Todd). Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.
Public Opinion and Popular Government (A. Laurence Lowell). Longmans. 9s. net.
Tales from Ariosto (J. Shield Nicholson), 6s. ; Property : Its Duties and Rights (by Various Writers). 5s. net. Macmillan.
Sadhana : The Realisation of Life (Rabindranath Tagore). Macmillan. 5s. net.
Venezuelan Boundary Controversy, The (Grover Cleveland). Oxford University Press. 4s. 6d. net.
Voice from the Village, A : The Labourer and the Land (Agricola, M.D.). Dent. 1s. net.
REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER.—The Patrician, 6d. net; The Fortnightly Review, 2s. 6d. ; The Cornhill Magazine 1s. ; The North American Review, 1s. net; The National Review, 2s. 6d. net; The Journal of Philology, 4s. 6d.

FINANCE. THE CITY.

A GREAT improvement in sentiment has been experienced this week on the Stock Exchange. Of the many disturbing factors which have militated against the markets for so many months only the Mexican situation remains as a cause of anxiety, and even in that respect more optimistic views are now entertained. The bogey of the Balkans has been laid to rest, for a time at any rate; general conditions on the Continent and the labour position in this country are more favourable; and, although there is no immediate prospect of a reduction of the Bank rate, the fears of a six per cent. minimum are entirely dissipated. Trade is slackening, but that is not unsatisfactory from the point of view of the Stock Exchange, because it permits the release of money for employment in investment, and perhaps speculation. These are the theoretical reasons for the better tone of markets.

The practical side of the matter is an increase in the volume of business in the form of a quiet public investment demand and bear covering by professional dealers. The public at last appears to be giving attention to some of the excellent bargains obtainable in the investment markets. Recent loan issues, which had a most chilling reception at first, are now being absorbed at steadily rising prices, and the success of the last City of Montreal emission was another welcome sign of the public appreciation of sound securities.

How long will the improvement last? That is a question which many may ask, and none can answer without entering upon a lengthy dissertation. A fortnight ago the opinion was recorded in this column that bottom prices had been reached, and it can be stated now with some confidence that those prices are not likely to be touched again unless international disturbances at present unforeseen cause a repetition of the stagnation and depression witnessed during the last eighteen months. Markets are now in a more hopeful condition than at any time since the Agadir incident.

The rise in prices cannot continue indefinitely; but it may be expected to last, at least, until the supply of new securities—Government and municipal loans and fresh capital for railways and industrial corporations—exceeds the demand. There are so many necessitous borrowers who will take the first favourable opportunity of raising money, that an over-supply of new issues seems inevitable. But that need not prevent investors from taking up stock at present prices, as, indeed, they are doing. A large amount of stock was lifted off the market at the last settlement, and it was this definite indication of the revival of public confidence that impelled professional bears to effect repurchases.

Gilt-edged securities are participating in the upward movement, and foreign bonds are being bought; but the strongest department in the "House" is Home Rails. The influences at work are favourable dividend anticipations and the virtual collapse of Mr. Larkin, coupled with indications that the boards of the leading railway companies are now prepared to recognise the trade unions. A more tolerant attitude on the part of both sides in the labour question is considered likely to prove a strong bull point for railway stockholders, and prices had reached a level which is very attractive to investors if they can rely upon a relative immunity from labour disturbances.

Canadian railway stocks have moved in sympathy with general conditions, aided by good traffic returns. The report of the Canadian Northern Railway, just issued, is most encouraging. In the year ended June 30 last the gross earnings increased by 16·38 per cent., and the net earnings by 15·18 per cent. This result should be greatly improved upon during the current financial year, because excellent progress is being made in construction. By the end of next month through connection from the East to Port Arthur will have been established, and early next year the line

(Continued on page 694.)

THE "DESIRABLE" POLICY FOR MOTORISTS

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J. A. JEFFERSON, F.I.A.,
Secretary.

Chief Offices: BROAD ST. CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

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SPECIAL COMBINATION securing, in return for Limited Number of premiums, a Fixed Sum at Death, whenever it may happen, and a

Large Guaranteed Bonus during Lifetime,

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JOSEPH A. ROONEY, Secretary.

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CANADIAN NORTHERN RAILWAY CO.

Canada's Second Transcontinental.—A good year.
—Increasing activity in industrial centres resulting from large crop.—Line from Toronto to Quebec completed.—Line from Toronto to Edmonton will be completed by Christmas, and another transcontinental line will be completed early in 1914.

The ELEVENTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Company was held at the Company's Offices in Toronto, on Monday, the 24th November, 1913. Sir DONALD MANN presided, and the following report by the President (Sir WILLIAM MACKENZIE) was presented to the Shareholders.

The results of the Company's operations for the fiscal year ended 30th June, 1913, are as follows:—Gross earnings—From passenger traffic, \$3,749,498.35; from freight traffic, \$18,561,026.90; from express, mail, telegraph, dining and sleeping cars, interest and profits from elevators and other subsidiary companies, investments, premiums, &c., \$2,216,953.22—Total: \$24,527,478.47. Working expenses (including taxes, etc.), \$17,503,610.57; net earnings, \$7,023,867.90; deduct fixed charges, \$5,190,924.12—Surplus, \$1,832,943.78; from this deduct interest at 5 per cent. per annum paid on income charge convertible debenture stock outstanding, \$988,214.49—Net surplus for the year, \$844,729.29.

The gross earnings show an increase of \$3,417,384.84 or 16.38 per cent., and the net earnings of \$892,822.79, or 15.18 per cent., over the preceding year.

The working expenses were 74.64 per cent. of the gross earnings of the railway proper and including taxes 72.10 per cent. of the gross earnings from all sources, compared with 73.82 per cent. and 71.81 per cent. respectively last year.

During the year 236 miles of newly-constructed tracks were added to the system, the average mileage operated being 4,297 miles.

Land sales during the year were 19,755 acres for \$291,193.18, an average of \$14.74 per acre, after making certain adjustments in respect to sales in previous years. The actual average price per acre during the current year was \$15.36 per acre. This compares with 55,111 acres for \$836,084.37, an average of \$15.17 per acre during the preceding year. Whilst your Directors have not made any special effort to sell the railway's own lands, the policy of colonising Dominion Government farm lands has been continued, and over two million acres were entered upon by settlers. The effect of this policy is now being seen in the increased movement of agricultural products of all kinds.

Favourable weather having prevailed during the ripening and harvesting period, it is confidently expected that the 1913 crop in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta will exceed that of any previous year in point of quality and abundance of yield. The marketing of grain from the territories served by your railway has commenced considerably earlier than last year, and the quantity of uniformly high-grade grain shipped to the Lake Ports at the date of the report is very much in excess of any previous year at the same date. This early return in cash to the farmer thus produced is already being reflected in increased activity in the industrial centres, with correspondingly satisfactory traffic results to your Company.

Recognised authorities conservatively estimate the yield for the three provinces as follows:—Wheat, 220,000,000 bushels; oats, 224,000,000 bushels; barley, 34,000,000 bushels; flax, 15,000,000 bushels.

The earnings derived by your Company from this great crop would have been very greatly increased if the Canadian Northern Transcontinental Line was in operation, and your Directors have the satisfaction of reporting that excellent progress has been made during the year in its construction and are now able to state that by the close of the present year connection will have been established at Port Arthur with the eastern lines, and that the last link in the chain—namely, the line through the Rocky Mountains, will be connected early in 1914. A second transcontinental railway between the industrial east and the

fertile west is not only an event of importance to your Company, but marks an interesting era in the history of Canada.

The fact that commerce and business interests between Eastern and Western Provinces continue to grow in satisfactory volume, the assured prospect of increased immigration in the future and the knowledge that the territory through which the new railway is constructed abounds in valuable natural resources waiting only railway facilities for development, guarantees to your Company a very large measure of traffic in the immediate future.

The following public issues of £1,438,356 four per cent. Perpetual Consolidated Debenture Stock and of £2,057,612 five per cent. Income Charge Convertible Debenture Stock were made during the year, and the whole of the proceeds have been or are being applied to the construction, improvement and equipment of the line.

The Parliament of Canada granted during the year to the Canadian Northern Ontario and the Canadian Northern Alberta Railways, parts of the Canadian Northern Railway system, a cash subsidy of \$15,640,000. This subsidy and those previously granted in aid of the system have been, or will be, expended on construction, improvements and equipment. All moneys also received from the sale of the land grants or raised by securities have been expended in the same manner. The increase of \$7,000,000 in the capital stock of the Company represents the amount issued to the Government of Canada pursuant to the provisions of the statute under which the cash subsidy of \$15,640,000 above referred to was authorized.

Your Directors submit the following statement showing in concise form the Company's growth during the past ten years:

	1903.	1913.
Mileage operated	1,276	4,552
TRAFFIC DEVELOPMENT—		
Passenger Traffic	\$ 389,170.00	\$ 3,749,500.00
Freight Traffic	1,896,380.00	18,561,026.00
COMMODITIES—		
Flour (sacks)	332,096	3,047,478
Grain (bushels)	12,367,110	59,380,957
Live Stock (head)	23,775	239,133
Logs and Lumber (feet)	85,551,000	448,351,000
Coal (1909) (tons)	326,591	1,111,865
General Merchandise ... (,,)	173,379	1,371,927
EQUIPMENT PURCHASED—		
Locomotives	73	534
Sleeping and Dining Cars	1	76
Passenger Coaches	22	376
Baggage, Mail and Express		
Cars	10	135
Freight Cars, all kinds	2,507	23,759

Having regard to the mileage operated, the development of traffic, the necessarily heavy and continued expenditures for the betterment of the service in every department, including the purchase of equipment of all kinds, these figures are submitted as testimony of the wisdom shown in the location of your various lines.

The line of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway has been connected between Toronto and Ottawa, and a regular service will shortly be established between Toronto, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec. The completion of this section together with the section connecting with the western lines at Port Arthur in a few months will enable the Canadian Northern system to retain a large volume of traffic originating on its lines in the east and in the west which it is now compelled to hand over to other companies, and it will also open up a large traffic-producing territory which, while of first importance to the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway, will be of substantial advantage to the system as a whole.

Your Directors are pleased to report satisfactory progress in the construction of the tunnel through Mount Royal which is to give the lines of the Canadian Northern Railway system access to the centre of the city of Montreal. When completed—it is hoped concurrently with the inauguration of a transcontinental service between Montreal and Vancouver—your Company will enjoy a terminal situation in Montreal second to no other railway company.

The Report was unanimously adopted, and the retiring Directors re-elected.

through the Rocky Mountains will be completed, and the C.N.R. will then be, in actual fact, the second transcontinental line in the North American Continent.

The City of Toronto is issuing, through Lloyds Bank Ltd., a 4½ per cent. General Consolidated Loan of £1,200,000 at the price of £97 10s. per cent. According to the information furnished by the city authorities, the revenue of the city for 1913 from its proportion of the receipts of the Toronto Street Railway, from the City Waterworks, and from other receipts, apart altogether from the usual sources of taxation at the disposal of the Corporation, is estimated to amount to £684,357, which is more than sufficient to pay the interest on the entire debt of the city. The loan is required to meet outstanding Treasury Notes and general expenditure for Public Works and Improvements in connection with the development of the city.

The proposal to double the capital of the Spies Petroleum Company has come as a surprise to the market, but the quotation for the shares has been supported. It is expected that the shareholders will be offered one new share in respect of every ten held, at a price slightly below the current quotation. North Caucasians have received the benefit of a new well coming into production, which will offset the decline in the output from other wells. The Oil share market is more subdued now, but the undertone remains good.

Mining shares offer but few attractions, and among Industrials the demand for Breweries has slackened.

Consols (Thursday's closing) 73 $\frac{1}{8}$ -73 $\frac{3}{8}$ for money and for the account.

Bank rate 5 per cent. (increased from 4½ per cent. October 3).

INSURANCE.

THE CITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

UNTIL a comparatively recent date the establishment of a life office on a sound and paying basis was not a specially arduous task, but under the conditions that have obtained since the era of great corporations began the burden of management has been very much heavier. So intense and skilfully organised is the competition for business in all departments that small companies cannot hold their own without incurring much expenditure which would not have been needed, say, a dozen years ago. For this reason life assurance accounts are mostly less satisfactory than was formerly the case, and about the most that can be expected from a young office is continued progress and the gradual accumulation of resources. A good deal of allowance must, as a fact, be made for the administrative difficulties which have had to be faced by the executives of the younger concerns, and if their annual statements are not pleasant reading in all respects, that fact does not prove that the management has been faulty.

Not only has competition become more acute, but other serious troubles, brought about by legislation and labour disputes, have had to be surmounted, and certain companies have suffered most severely from these adverse influences. Upon the City Life Assurance Company, Ltd., the blows fell with exceptional harshness, its lucrative bond investment business being sadly interfered with by the Assurance Companies Act, 1909, while successive strikes retarded the progress of its industrial branch, which at first obtained a large amount of support. In view of the difficulties which have been met with on all sides, it is almost surprising to find that at the close of the third quinquennium the usefulness of the company had not been impaired, and that there was still reason to hope that the efforts of the directors would lead to ultimate success.

The accounts presented at the annual meeting on September 26th last showed that a liberal proportion of the paid-up capital was represented by goodwill, and that in 1912, as in the two preceding years, a part of the expenditure of the industrial branch had been carried to capital account. This section of the business is the one which occasions most anxiety, because

(Continued on page 696.)

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The Chairman said: You will have seen from the Directors' report and accounts that the profits for the past financial year again show an increase over those of the preceding twelve months, the amount being £60,448 11s. 2d., which together with a balance brought in of £2,125 7s. 2d., give us available total of £82,573 18s. 4d. Dividends for the whole year have already been paid on the 5 per cent. Preference shares, a six months' dividend on the 5 per cent. Convertible Preference shares, and an interim dividend of 5 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. The latter you are now asked to confirm, as also to sanction payment, on the 28th inst., of the remaining six months' dividend to June 30th last on the 5 per cent. Convertible Preference shares, and a final dividend of 7½ per cent., making 12½ per cent. for the year, on the Ordinary shares. You are also asked to agree to write off £6,474 2s. 9d. for depreciation of buildings, plant, etc., and the balance, £17,778 19s. 6d., will be carried forward. It would have been possible to increase the profit very considerably by taking some of the assets into the balance-sheet at the figure at which they are readily saleable, but your Directors feel sure they will have your support in adopting a more conservative policy and allowing the investments to stand at cost. I would, therefore, like you clearly to understand that the whole of our profits for the year under review have been earned through trading and trading only. It is gratifying to state that, notwithstanding the many inconveniences and drawbacks incidental to the extension of the Odda works, production has been uninterruptedly maintained throughout the year, and I think great credit is due to our staff there for so arranging matters that practically no cessation of manufacturing occurred during the construction period. You will, I am sure, appreciate what this means in a factory that is running continuously night and day, especially when it is borne in mind that additions to the plant have been made which increase its capacity from 32,000 tons to 80,000 tons of carbide per annum. These extensions are now completed, with the exception of a few details, so we should reach the maximum output by the end of the present year, from which date the profits from the carbide side of our business will accordingly increase, as the extra 48,000 tons produced annually have already been sold ahead for thirty years under contract. In extending the factory advantage was taken of the experience gained during some years of working, and improvements have been made wherever possible, labour-saving devices being introduced in many directions. Of the 80,000 tons of carbide which will be produced annually about 23,000 tons will be available for acetylene lighting, welding, etc., and 57,000 tons will be delivered to nitrogen fertilisers for conversion into cyanamide. You are aware that in May of this year the Nitrogen Products and Carbide Co., Ltd., was formed to produce cyanamide on a large scale, and your Directors, after most careful consideration, decided that the future of your Company would be best conserved by exchanging our holdings in Nitrogen Fertilisers, Ltd., and Nitrate Products, Ltd., for 240,380 shares in Nitrogen Products and Carbide Co., Ltd., and by further subscribing for 250,600 cash shares, in order to bring up our holding to 500,000, which is a quarter of the total share capital. Nitrogen Products and Carbide Co. own valuable water powers, which when harnessed up should generate about 1,000,000 electrical horse-power, from which could be produced annually about 2,500,000 tons of cyanamide of about 15¢ per cent. nitrogen.

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The report and accounts were seconded by Major C. H. Campbell, and adopted unanimously.

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